JOHN BULL, OCTOBER 5, 1940. TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXVIII 1790

FREEDOM'S BIG RALLY by A.E.G.

AIR RAID FREE INSURANCE £1,500 MORE PAID

Bournville Cocoa down in price!

— NOW CHEAPER THAN BEFORE THE WAR

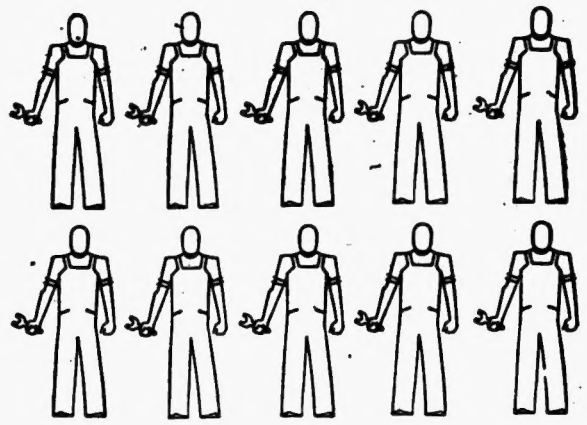
Bournville Cocoa is down in price. By cheaper packings, economies in distribution and the withdrawal of Coupon Gift Schemes, savings have been made which, according to our practice, we are at once passing on to the public.

Cocoa is a concentrated food; and thus this action is in line with Lord Woolton's appeal to manufacturers to find means of making the price of staple foodstuffs as low as possible.

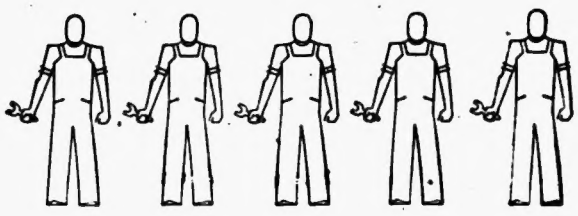
QUALITY UNCHANGED

A CUP OF COCOA IS A CUP OF FOOD

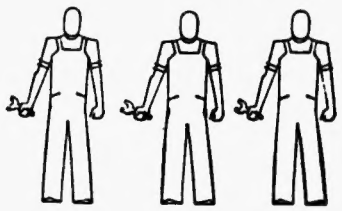
NATIONAL WAR EFFORT



INCREASING EXPORTS



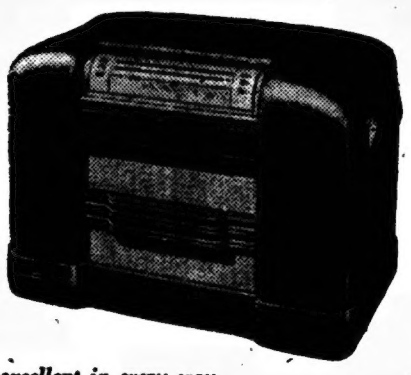
HOME MARKET



This is the way Marconiphone are working for you today. We know you would not have it otherwise. So we know you will sympathise with your local Marconi-Man when he tells you you can't have that new Marconiphone for a few days or weeks. New models — though fewer of them — will make their appearance from time to time.

* * *

Already we can show you this wartime economy set. A splendid 5-valve, all-wave A.C. superhet at only 8½ gns. Performance is excellent in every way. It's a set that's good to hear and good to look at, too. You're sure to like the smart, modern-style cabinet.



MARCONIPHONE

THE REAL THING IN RADIO

THE MARCONIPHONE COMPANY LTD., HAYES, MIDDLESEX

"Want anything else from Boots?"

She's glad that a Boots is close to the estate. Whether there's a prescription to be made up, a special food wanted for Baby or toilet articles for the family, she knows she can count on Boots for friendly and highly competent attention. And exactly the same service is open to *you* at your local Boots. There are over twelve hundred branches in Great Britain, supervised by more than two thousand qualified chemists in those branches. Last year Boots dispensed over seven and a half million prescriptions. That shows the confidence which the public place in Boots, the nation's chemists.

You can rely on The Boots Chemists

24/93

BOOTS PURE DRUG COMPANY LIMITED

All your meat meals need a dash on Now that rations are the fashion

SAYS Master O'Kay

O.K

THE SAUCE THAT DOES YOU GOOD

'TIRED-SORE FEET NEED Fennings' NIGHTLY

Housewives, A.R.P. workers and others on their feet all day should apply Fennings' Ointment nightly to relieve that 'tired-soreness,' and soften hard skin and corns.

Banish *Heat Rashes, Pimples, Blotches and all Skin Complaints!*

Penetrating to the depths of all skin complaints it is especially useful for Eczema, while cuts, burns and sores are often healed after two or three applications.

BUY A 1/3 TIN FROM YOUR CHEMIST TO-DAY!

For Baby

Free baby from chafing, itching and all those little skin troubles with an application of this soothing Ointment.

FENNINGS' OINTMENT

ALFRED FENNINGS COWES

JOHN BULL *Thursday, for week ending Saturday, October 5, 1940. 93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468*

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

BRITAIN MUST STRIKE NOW

JAPAN bares her teeth in an Oriental grin of hate. So much the better. We know where we stand. We shall see the end of Lord Halifax's timid policy of appeasing the Japanese warlords.

No longer shall we march out of step with the U.S.A.

Bluff and Bluster

Japan's threat that she will declare war against any newcomer into the war against the Axis is obviously aimed at the U.S.A.

But Britain does not want the U.S.A. to declare war on Germany. Uncle Sam is far more useful to democracy's struggle as a "non-belligerent."

Besides, let Japan remember that a few incendiaries on her timber-built cities would quickly cripple her.

Above all, the new pact of the dictators should encourage our leaders to be less squeamish in foreign policy and to plan a great offensive against our enemies.

Tackling the Bombers

Our defences should demand constant attention, but they should not **obsess** the minds of our leaders.

Even the one remaining problem—how to ward off the night bombers—is within sight of solution.

Night after night, amid the shell-bursts of the greatest barrage in history, new devices are being tested far above the streets of London.

Some are nearing perfection.

More R.A.F. Attacks

There is yet another way to counter the attacks on London. Increase the R.A.F. attacks on Germany's industrial centres and military targets.

Air-Marshal Sir Arthur Barratt supports this policy. The downfall of France, he points out, was entirely due to the French thinking of nothing but defence.

The Navy is impatient for action. Let it be ordered to "Action Stations" for an onslaught against the Italian bases, the weak links of the Axis.

Still Losing Face!

The sorry failure of Dakar shows that our leaders are still willing to hand success to the Nazis.

It convicts us of half-heartedness, of reluctance to plan big-scale operations, or to use a sufficiently strong force to ensure victory.

They Failed Him

Meanwhile, the Prime Minister is having to devote two hours a day to solving the problems caused by the bombing of London.

A new Minister should be appointed to deal with such urgent tasks as evacuation, feeding the homeless, rebuilding, and other air raid problems that are now handled by many Ministers.

Deep Shelter Campaign

There is a demand that Herbert Morrison should be entrusted with the jobs now handled by Sir John Anderson and Mr. Malcolm MacDonald.

When he was leader of the London County Council, Mr. Morrison tried hard to make Sir John Anderson provide deep shelters before the bombs began to fall.

He was rebuffed.

Before the war, the possibilities of air raid damage were highly exaggerated. The Home Office was prepared for an average of 30,000 casualties a day.

Yet it scoffed at deep shelters—which JOHN BULL advocated two years ago—did nothing during the months of unexpected calm that followed the outbreak of war.

He'd do Things, but—

Mr. Morrison would get things done. But he cannot be spared from the vital task of supplying guns and munitions.

"John Bull" refuses to believe that there is no other man in public life capable of organising A.R.P. and evacuation.

"Dispersal" should be the Government's slogan.

Disperse the people who have no need to remain in London. Disperse those who must remain among many small shelters instead of a few big ones; organise transport for them.

Patchy Black-out

A.R.P must be strengthened in other ways. The black-out remains patchy even in London.

Wardens find that it sometimes takes five or six hours to get the police to investigate a glaring light. By the time the police arrive, of course, the offenders have dimmed the light.

Lighted Barracks

A Nazi airman, captured last week, told his captors that he had failed to find his objective.

He dropped his load of bombs only because he saw a sudden light on the ground.

But military camps blaze with light. A Lancashire town, bombed for the first time, has barracks where blinds were not drawn even when the bombs were falling.

Job for Master Mind—

Sheffield's scandal is no less exasperating.

An ambulance has been provided for the city at a cost of £800 by the local Hospitals Council. But, because the Ministry of Transport refuses to grant a licence for it, it cannot be used.

A.F.S. and rescue workers—among the greatest heroes of the war—are being forced to apply for public assistance when they fall sick.

Seats are being reserved in public shelters at charges of sixpence and threepence.

No end to the disgraces that could be ended instantly by a new Home Minister if he were given over-riding powers!

—And Start It Now

How can the public play its part? By giving more recruits to defence services. By evacuation. And by discounting rumour.

In a Northern town, four wardens were supposed to have been killed one night. Untrue.

In London, eight houses were said to be demolished in a certain road; the only damage was a broken window in the house of a "John Bull" man.

Rumour is morale's worst enemy. Other enemies are inefficiency at home and timidity abroad.

(Continued overleaf.)

AIR RAIDS! "JOHN BULL'S" PROMPT HELP

£1,500 MORE CLAIMS PAID THIS WEEK!

Under "John Bull's" *GREAT WAR TIME INSURANCE*, which provides a £200 policy — *underwritten at LLOYD'S* — free for every reader.

SEE PAGE 6.

▲ "John Bull" Man Dies in A.R.P. Post

▲ What Does Navy Know of Wrecked Barges?

▲ Gestapo Spies Still Flying in Bombers

▲ Home Guards Were "Deprived" of Rifles

▲ Attempt to Cash In on Purchase Tax Date

(Continued from preceding page)

NEARLY sixty thousand Nazi troops are reported to have been drowned off the French coast. Whether stormy weather or the Royal Navy brought about this check to Hitler's invasion plans, the Navy no doubt saw a good deal of what happened.

Here's one incident, vouched for by dependable witnesses.

Only four survivors were left in one German barge. They were seen to be busily holding a fifth man under the waves.

Yes, he was a Gestapo agent, they explained.

Spy-Ridden Army

Confirmation of reports that every squadron of Nazi aircraft is accompanied by a Gestapo agent may possibly be found in another true story.

From the wreck of a Heinkel bomber stepped a man in lounge suit and fancy shoes. His captors noticed that the other members of the crew shunned him. Questioned, they sneered at him as a spy.

Excuse us for thinking that a spy-ridden army and air force are well on the way to losing the war.

Rifles Taken Away

Many Home Guards have had their rifles taken away. In some districts they gained the impression that they were being disarmed.

JOHN BULL learns that rifles of a better pattern are to be issued.

Unfortunately, the Home Guards could get no answer to their worried enquiries.

Many of them threatened to resign.

Miners in the Army

Loss of French coal market is reason for sending young British miners back to the Army.

JOHN BULL suggests to Mr. Bevin that many of them should be mobilised instead into labour companies.

They would need no training, such is their skill with pick and shovel.

And they should be sent to London to reinforce the rescue squads and to build the deep shelters that are so urgently needed.

This Was Sabotage

Rumours of sabotage in a Northern dockyard were hardly wilder than the actual facts.

Detectives called in to investigate could gain no information for a long time.

After making scores of enquiries, they found a junior officer who was able to refer them to the men involved.

It didn't take them long to reveal the "sabotage" as a silly prank of a young workman.

He had loosened a few screws to gibe at an older workman responsible for that particular job, but before he could raise a cheap laugh by drawing attention to the screws a foreman arrived, and, noticing that something was wrong, reported an attempt at sabotage.

Profit-Making Move

Better subject for official enquiry would be the strange dearth of many kinds of goods last week just before they were due to be covered by the new Purchase Tax.

Were they held up on official orders, or because some traders intended to clap on not only the extra tax but also higher profits, as they did at the time of the Budget?

Whitehall Snores!

Another subject for inquisitive M.P.s is the continued delay in official payments.

A farm owned by the same family for three hundred years has had to be sold up. The Government is seven months in arrears with payment to the farmer for his produce.

Not even bombs, apparently, can awaken the snorers of Whitehall.

Answer This One!

Nowhere are the snores louder than in the divisional pay offices of the Army, for which the War Office itself is getting an undeserved bad name.

One woman has been trying to obtain an allowance for her baby since May. She is told no more than that "the question of arrears is being investigated." After four months!

Another woman writes to us: "It is six weeks since I drew my last Army allowance and am having to borrow.

"The Edinburgh paymaster sent me a form that I filled up—but still no news. How can I feed my two children?"

Frankly, we don't know.

Cashiers with Pips

We have already given reasons for this shameful muddle. Yet another may be found in the complaint by warrant officers in the Royal Army Pay Corps.

Instead of gaining promotion, they are working under newly commissioned officers who have no experience of Army routine.

Their qualifications as cashiers in civil life do not necessarily qualify them to deal with the intricacies of Army payments.

Did the General Know?

Surprise visits by senior officers would surely result in some improvement. But the word "surprise" needs emphasis.

All training was stopped at one Royal Engineers' camp for three days, the men put on fatigues, in preparation for inspection by a general.

We can imagine the general's fury if he had known.

Deserving Approval

Two official decrees deserve public approval.

First, comes Mr. Herbert Morrison's new salvage campaign.

Steel will be taken from old buildings and bridges, railways and dumps.

Maybe, Mr. Morrison will also see that disused tram tracks are at last made to provide hundreds of thousands of tons of steel.

Their removal would prevent many road accidents.

Rebuilding Now!

Next decision is that the repair of bombed buildings will not be left till after the war.

Work is to start at once.

Proof of how little the supply of building materials has been hampered by air raids!

Let us hope that the work will not be left entirely to local councils.

Eight families living in flats shattered by a bomb were told that the council's surveyor "would be round immediately."

Despite repeated reminders "immediately" has lengthened to seventeen days.

"John Bull" Carries On

The Editor and staff of JOHN BULL owe a grateful acknowledgment to several readers who have sent messages similar to the following letter from a Gloucester woman:

"The writer would like to express sincere wishes for all who are labouring under unprecedented difficulties to give us our eagerly looked forward to JOHN BULL.

"I trust your offices have escaped injury from the ruthless battering of London . . . and that your workers, from highest to lowest, may escape the onslaughts of the murderers who are in their last mad struggles."

Unfortunately, our staff has not entirely escaped; nor have our offices been without minor damage.

Harry Pusey—Hero!

JOHN BULL regrets to announce that Harry Pusey, youngest member of the editorial staff of JOHN BULL, has been killed by a German bomb at his A.R.P. post of duty in the East End in which he was born, and which he loved.

We told of some of his experiences in our article "Britain in Battledress" on September 14.

Re-reading those stories, you will realise that he was right in the thick of it.

And it was right in the thick of it that Harry Pusey—Boy Scout and kindly, clean-living and highly able lad—wished to be.

Without so great and so noble a sacrifice, we would have remembered him.

A Pledged Word

To all our readers we pledge our word that nothing will deter us from maintaining the production of JOHN BULL—and the policy that has made it the nation's watchdog.

We know that this spirit is indeed general throughout the nation's industries, and that the calm and confidence of the nation itself is the surest guarantee that our enemies will be defeated.

Lord Nuffield—Again

Two hundred lads have already answered the offer to train young JOHN BULL readers for a career in the Merchant Navy—announced recently by the Prince of Wales Sea Training Hostel, of Ingham Old Hall, near Norwich.

An effort is being made to raise special funds for those who cannot contribute towards the cost of training. Lord Nuffield, with his usual generosity, has promised to add £1 to every £5 raised by October 10. We hope the public will give him reason to write a large cheque!

BEHIND THE NEWS

● **The Nazi High Command have admitted to certain neutral military observers their dread of the fact that if the "now or never" invasion does not take place at least several hundred efficient British bombers and bomber-fighters will be freed from Channel work to pound vitally important German centres.**

● **On the other hand, if Hitler decides to attempt the invasion, the same military observers state confidently that not only will the Nazis be thrown back in a short time, but that the German casualty list may be up to 80 per cent. of the attacking force—the greatest criminal and military débacle in history.**

● ***Russian diplomats have unobtrusively let it be known in what they call "not unfriendly" circles that Moscow is taking full precautions against the flow of German troops to the East. These precautions include the concentration of 180 divisions in which there are more armoured divisions than the German Army possesses.***

● **The Soviet has also reinforced the army in Bessarabia in the ratio of five to one against the total of German, Hungarian and Rumanian forces together.**

● **Behind the scenes disagreement is growing between Rome and Berlin on many matters of war policy and conduct. Fascists believe that they have been badly let down in the division of spoils, and Mussolini has now put up his price for future co-operation. He demands payment in advance in the shape of coal and other supplies, and the hand-over of Tunis, Syria and other French territory.**

● ***Waiting their chance of revenge if Falangist Spain enters the war on Axis pressure are several million Republicans whose spirit still lives in spite of the battering by Nazi-Fascist 'planes during the civil war. Spanish Government is again making mass arrests to stifle this new movement, but has failed to bring in the leaders.***

● **Meanwhile, sabotage of German armaments in Spain has become wholesale. The mechanism of several Nazi big guns lent to Spain for "frontier defence" just opposite Gibraltar has been so seriously damaged that repair is impossible outside Krupps' works in Essen, and, in any case, will take a long time.**

● **Many mysterious explosions and serious damage have also occurred in all Spanish dockyards where German technicians have been working.**

MARK OF THE BEAST

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR
By The Editor

AMERICAN war correspondents on the British Battle Front have been telling the United States that the people of this country are "learning to hate."

They think that is significant and important. So it is, but it is also an understatement of fact.

For we have already learned this grim but necessary lesson. We hate the Nazis with a deep and growing anger that will not be sated until they are utterly destroyed.

Our hatred is justifiable and our wrath is righteous because the men who have put Hitler where he is are not "human" in our sense of the word. They carry the mark of the beast and by their works ye may know them.

All the suffering and misery, all the destruction and wreckage which we are enduring has come upon us largely because we were asleep too long and did not recognise their brute ferocity in time.

We made the fatal mistake of treating the Nazis as though they were ordinary decent folk like ourselves. We didn't hate them, when we could easily have broken them, because it did not occur to us at that time that they had any cause to hate us.

Nor had they—unless the man-eating tiger has cause to hate the prey it has marked down.

Ever since the time of Bismarck, militant Germany has been the curse of Europe. It has worshipped the god of war. It has despised justice and admired nothing but brute force.

But we British, though we have done many foolish things and many wrong ones, too, can look back without shame upon the general record of our mighty Empire.

Indeed, we built better than we knew. We established our own standards of fair dealing and fair play throughout our great dominions, and now, when there are no ties that bind them but the ties of loyalty, the free peoples of the Commonwealth stand firmly by the Mother Country.

Here, in these small islands, upon which the storms are breaking, we had advanced further in the arts of peace than any other race.

Before Hitler began to savage civilisation, ours was a safe and happy land to live in.

We do not say this boastfully. JOHN BULL, which has always championed the cause of the "under-dog," would be the last to pretend that our pre-war social and economic system came within measure of what it might have been.

Yet with each decade that passed we advanced to higher achievement and wider humanity. At least we let none of our people deliberately go hungry, and we made provision out of the public funds for the widow and the orphan, the aged and infirm, and all others who were helpless to help themselves.

THESE things we did—not, perhaps, in generous measure, but always with an increasing sense of our obligations one to another.

Moreover, we sought peace. We bore ill-will to none. We strove after our fashion to find some sensible and friendly solution to the world's increasing puzzles and perplexities.

To-day, if it had not been for Adolf Hitler and the millions of young, arrogant and greedy swashbucklers who worship him as the incarnation of all their own lusts, Great Britain and every other naturally peaceful country could have been happier and more prosperous than ever before.

How, then, can we help but hate these murderers of women and children; these wanton oppressors of the whole human race?

Even now we must try to draw a distinction between the German people and the Nazi ruffians who form so large a part of the total population of the Reich.

But let no man suppose that Great Britain will cease this war until she has crushed her enemy, taught him a lesson, and destroyed his power to hold the world to ransom at his recurrent choice.

That is what is happening now, as it has happened, roughly speaking, once every twenty-five years since the German militarists, with their sub-human mentality, began to think themselves "supermen."

Have no illusions about this. Shake off the last vestiges of whatever sympathy you may once have had for these foul brutes.

They whine and yelp only when they can't attack. They fawn for pity with murder still smouldering in their untamed eyes.

Consider the case of France. The Nazis to-day are demanding from the miserable Government at Vichy a daily sum for the maintenance of their own troops in occupied territory which is more than three times as high as the maximum annuity Germany was ever asked to pay under the Versailles Treaty.

PETAIN'S wretched "France" is expected to find 20 million reichmarks a day to maintain the invader. That works out at 7,300 million reichmarks a year, whereas, after the last war, Germany was only required to pay 2,000 million reichmarks, and had thirty times the revenue available to meet this debt!

Yet how she squealed and pleaded poverty! How easily we were gulled into believing her!

Under the Dawes Plan the debt was scaled down by half and, even then, it was never paid.

Actually, during the six years to 1930, Germany contrived to borrow from us and other "mugs" more than she paid out in reparations.

Since then she has not only repudiated the original debt, but almost all her borrowings as well.

And, while she was still moaning about her "ruin," she was spending year by year for several years before this war started, more upon her own rearmament than the Young Plan had ever called upon her to pay for reparations!

It is not possible to argue with the beasts of the jungle. One cannot compromise with man-eaters. They have to be shot.

We are living now under the ruthless jungle law which has been imposed upon Europe by one cunning and diabolical criminal and his gang. He will stick at nothing to gain his ends, and he becomes more desperate as the drums of doom sound in his ears and the beaters close in upon him.

JOHN BULL warns its readers that this is a fight to the death. Far more than that; this is a fight in which it is better to die than to yield.

For there is nothing that Nazi Germany can make us suffer in war comparable to the horror

and the humiliation which we should have to endure under a Nazi-dictated peace.

Defeat by a gallant enemy *might* be supportable. Defeat by Hitler, as we can see with our own eyes, could mean nothing but ruin, slavery and despair.

These wicked men have driven millions of free men and women into exile and shameful bondage. They have persecuted and tortured, not only their self-chosen "enemies," but also every free spirit, even among their own kith and kin, who has had the courage to resist their deviltries.

They have reduced their own people to cowering fear. They have exiled a multitude of Jews, and with them they have driven from Germany the best of its talent.

Every energy and talent native to a country of high mechanical ability has been diverted, and perverted, to the purposes of gangster warfare.

And every virtue of normal "patriotism" has been debased by "Hitlerism" to the mean uses of the Gestapo.

WE have drawn up this indictment of Nazi Germany because we think it right and necessary that our own people, so slow to hate in normal times, should now concentrate their hatred upon our only enemy.

JOHN BULL has no faintest doubt that the British people, who have given the world the major inventions and benefits of progressive civilisation, can also out-match the Hun in his most devilish devices of destruction.

And in this sure faith we look forward to the day of deliverance and just retribution. For there is a mounting debt which Nazi Germany can never repay save by its own obliteration.

When we have smashed "Hitlerism," then, and not until then, can we hope for peace with what remains of the German *people*.

Slapping 'em Up!

WOFWOFWOFWOF ! ! ! !

NOSING the night sky, London's biggest anti-aircraft watchdogs are barking, flashing livid tongues, sending aloft high explosive teeth that have power to bite more than 40,000 feet—about eight miles—in the raider-infested heavens.

I am at a gun site of the Heavy Anti-Aircraft to give you a close-up of just what happens at the business end of a heavy unit of the mightiest barrage ever known.

Although rocking your homes, it also is rocking a whole lot more the Nazi murder-raiders high above.

It is eight o'clock.

Darkness has just fallen, signal for the first shots in this noisy new night-life. A massive barbed-wire gate emerges from the shadows. . . .

"Who goes there?" raps out the sentry's challenging voice.

"Friend," I say.

"Advance, and be recognised! "

I am conscious of the muzzle of a revolver within an inch of my ribs, while another hand holds a torch that illumines my proffered military permit.

I am being escorted to the officer commanding when—*wofwofwofwof!* . . . and I feel myself shot bodily into space.

Looking down, I am relieved to find my feet still on the ground and the escort still at my side. And yet those guns, I learned on recovering breath, are at least a hundred yards away.

Rattling windows?

You should spend a night out with the barrage boys here.

Trembling walls?

A few moments later, in the officers' mess, a mere wooden hut, I can *see* the walls move, and still they don't topple down!

"Come on, you'd better take a look at the Dogs, but have a glass of beer first and put these bits of cotton-wool loosely in your ears. And here's a tin-hat, you may need it," says the officer commanding.

We walked up to the Dogs.

● As you stand in the doorway of the dug-out watching the star-like shell bursts of the greatest anti-aircraft barrage the world has ever known, hearing the shriek of the shells and the whip-like crack of the explosions, do you wonder what it is like to feed and fire the guns defending London? This is the story of a night with an "ack-ack" battery . . .

By JOHN CASHEL

It is a Dante-esque scene, even without the inferno of noise added. Four long snouts scent the air, and miniature, shadowy figures move about below, silhouetted against the horizon sky where moonbeams pierce broken cloud.

We enter the command post, say "Hello" to its king-pin, the gun position officer.

Dispersed round about are all the paraphernalia of a gun-site familiarised to you photographically in the newspapers.

FROM setting the fuse-cap to firing the shell, the men at each gun all have a specific part to play, and are known by numbers.

We look in at an underground cubby-hole on the "plotter," and, with him, his assistant, who almost every minute when raiders are about is jotting down messages from certain headquarters and handing them to the plotter.

The plotter is marking arrows on a chart, indicating each raider's course from the moment it crosses the coast, long before it approaches or enters the circle of this gun-site's target area.

The foremost arrow nears the circle. . . .

"Come on," says the officer commanding. "You'll get a nasty jar if you're underground and aren't used to it."

The first sharp order breaks the stillness.

"*Target south!*" shouts the gun position officer.

The locator crew are "on sound," and within a second or two have received the raider's present position.

The predictor is now at work, automatically arranging the target's future position.

"*Fuse, one four,*" goes the order to the guns from the key-man on the predictor as he studies an arrow-head on a dial.

Then the command: "*No. 1 gun, No. 2 gun, No. 3 gun, No. 4 gun . . . FIRE!*"

Flash!

Crack of Doom! Hitler's Doom, as the boys call this gun-site.

Four of the Dogs' "teeth," each containing many pounds of high explosive, to say nothing about its case of splintering steel, roar towards their mark with a noise like an express train racing into the sky at fantastic speed.

On, and on, and on it goes.

Seconds seem like minutes. . . .

The southern sky is arched by a rainbow barrage of twinkling stars of blasting high explosive from other guns.

Over the rainbow—or so it appears, as they are nearer—four other stars at last add their quota.

"That's *us!*" says the officer commanding.

The Hitler's Doom express has traversed 18,000 ft. in 16 seconds!

Target still just in range.

"*Fuse——,*" "*No. 1 gun, No. 2 gun . . . FIRE!*"

A series of full salvoes can shatter deadly defiance at a raider from the time it enters our target area to the time it leaves.

That's the measure of the effectiveness of the anti-aircraft night barrage.

A few marauders inevitably get through, with luck.

Many more don't.

ONLY once during my four and a quarter hours at this gun-site of the barrage, from 8 p.m. till 12.15 a.m., when the first "All Clear" went significantly early, did a raider do more than poke its nose into our target area and then quickly fly away again.

The solitary one, that comes panting down as if trying to catch up with Hitler's original *Blitzkreig* schedule, drops a hundred incendiaries wide of the mark.

Then goes all out at full throttle like the wind when the gun position officer gives it a short-fuse salvo just before its nose.

There is a race to the incendiaries, and although a shovel or two of sand (you can have your stirrup-pumps!) immediately puts the bulk of them out, honours go to a youth whose outsize in boots is one of the stock jokes of the site.

He just stamps out dozens of the incendiaries with such reckless abandon that his comrades seem less concerned about the bombs than the fire-resisting qualities of his "boots."

Still, I am thankful for my tin-hat.

A now familiar whistle seems uncomfortably near.

"Oh, don't you worry about that," says the officer commanding, consolingly. "Just count *one, two, three,* when you hear one of those and then you know you're all right! "

We picked up this one a few yards away—a 4.5 fuse-cap.

"Some of their stuff from four or five miles away," my comforter explained. "Anyhow, they get some of ours! "

IT is nine o'clock, and supper-time—Adolf permitting.

The cook, who himself takes a gun position, brings sandwiches and coffee to the boys seated on forms near their guns. Close by are stretcher beds where they snatch at odd moments what sleep they can.

They all tell me they are having the time of their Army lives.

The barrage is the great moment for which they've all waited since September 3, 1939.

One gunner before he entered the Army was a "slinger" at Woolwich Arsenal, who now, instead of slinging gun-barrels on to trucks, slings the stuff up through the barrels.

Another was a Durham miner, "and, believe me, Army life's one up on mining."

Others a safety razor blade grinder, a clerk, a salesman, a coal merchant.

The cook will bring them hot cocoa at 1 a.m.

They will breakfast at 6.30 if it's "All Clear."

Then for three hours they will groom their guns, and what pride they take in showing them to you!

With a blaze of defiance, the anti-aircraft gun sends another shell hurtling into the heavens to seek out the Nazi raider at a climbing speed of 18,000 ft. in sixteen seconds

In the afternoon, with luck, they will get some sound sleep.

Sons of a gun, proud of their guns.

Feel proud of them!

The locals are.

They send cigarettes, books, sweets, up to the barbed-wire gate.

"*I don't know what you've got up there, but I like to hear it,*" *wrote one old lady, sending eighty pounds of damsons, which the cook has made into jam.*

"*For the boys who fire the guns,*" *was a note in a parcel of magazines.*

MEANWHILE, the Government might well consider the provision of more and more Bofors guns, which are so effective against dive-bombers.

Wofwofwofwof! go the Dogs again, *Wofwofwofwof!*

The second-in-command sits with the stars above and a chart of the target area below at his knee, making lightning mathematical calculations.

I don't know, and, if I did, can't tell you what they are, except that his down-shaded torch shows arrows which every few seconds trace the course of the raider, showing exactly what happens to that course as the enemy zigzags to escape the teeth of the barrage.

Perhaps a revolution lies in that chart.

It is this site's contribution to the request of the G.O.C.-in-C., A.A. Command, for suggestions from every site.

The Army Chiefs are not idea-blind.

"We are learning by trial and error," says the modest officer commanding. "But this much—and much else—we know. Jerry is distracted out of his wits by the barrage. Zigzags all over the place. Can't fly straight to his target.

"Can't know quite where he is. And the Dogs aren't helping his morale. As the nights go by they'll be barking more and more effectively."

Wofwofwofwof!

Good-night, Gun-site H.A.A., unit of a regiment with twenty-three downed raiders officially to its credit!

Good luck!

Good hunting!

£1,500 MORE FOR AIR RAID VICTIMS

"John Bull's" Prompt Help

"JOHN BULL" is playing a vital part in the Battle of Britain. Week by week the payments made to victims of the air war soar higher and higher.

Up to the time of going to press the record sum of no less than £1,500 has already been paid this week.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader a £200 policy (for husband and wife), underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids, Invasion and Bombardment.

If you are already a registered reader of JOHN BULL you automatically qualify for the full range of this extended Free War Time Insurance. You need not re-register unless you have changed your address or newsagent.

If you have not yet registered you cannot afford to delay. Through lack of space due to the strict control of paper it has not been found possible recently to publish the necessary Registration Forms. These may be taken from issues of JOHN BULL before May this year, or if you will put a postcard in the post to-day (revised postage 2d.) addressed to JOHN BULL'S Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, the Registration Forms will be despatched by return.

OPEN LETTERS

Evacuation misery: Plea for "black-out" lights: Heroes of R.A.F. Bomber Command: Still without gas-mask filters: Lord Woolton's great mistake

■

Mr. MALCOLM MACDONALD, M.P.,
Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—It is hard to write calmly of the blunders of your evacuation scheme; the neglect that has imposed fresh horror on the homeless in bombed areas.

Never shall I forget the lives that were lost in the inferno of London's East End because of delay in removing families that had lost every penny, every stick of property.

Never shall I forgive the official folly that kept hundreds of Hitler's victims hungry in a rich city.

They are still without proper food. They still wait patiently, amid ruins that the Nazi murderers continue to bomb, for removal to districts behind the front line.

I know you are working tirelessly to redeem the scandals that have shocked the nation. I know that the blame for what has happened must be laid not only upon your department but also on other Ministries and local authorities.

But you must accept prime responsibility. If your efforts are hampered, you would surely have the sanction of the War Cabinet to overcome the obstacles.

In American disasters, Army canteens were rushed to distressed areas. You should have insisted that such immediate aid should be given to women and children who, if they can understand the involved language of a notice displayed at a town hall, may be able to get tea and bully beef at some overcrowded mission-hall!

Why not see for yourself how incompetently local authorities are carrying out your evacuation instructions?

Children have been sent to a village near an important military objective to sleep in sheds amid falling bombs.

They are homeless even in their new surroundings because room cannot be found for them in tiny cottages.

Expectant mothers have been left without help from district nursing associations.

Clergymen have refused to accept child refugees. Boarding-houses have been allowed to turn the homeless away because they prefer "paying guests."

That has happened at a mansion where only a few Army officers were billeted.

Distracted mothers, flocking to country towns, are browbeaten by landlords demanding exorbitant rents; house agents blandly refuse accommodation because they have children!

All these disgraces could be wiped out by a stroke of the official pen.

For the sake of suffering humanity, end them now!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN REITH, M.P.,
Minister of Transport

DEAR SIR,—Already nights are lengthening; already it is time to think of approaching winter and its black-out problems.

"Star-lighting" system of street lamps, started in the early months of this year, won the praise of drivers, pedestrians and police. Undoubtedly it reduced street accidents.

Yet many big towns have not bothered to adopt it.

Tell them now that it is a safeguard against death and panic; urge them to use it without delay.—JOHN BULL.

Wing-Commander E. J. HODSOLL,
Inspector-General A.R.P.

DEAR SIR,—To the list of towns that are still without new gas-mask filters I must add Launceston.

What the devil is the use of an A.R.P. system that leaves many areas unprotected?

And if local authorities are to blame, what is the use of your department if it doesn't bring them to heel?—JOHN BULL.

Lt.-General H. C. B. WEMYSS,
Adjutant-General to the Forces

DEAR GENERAL,—The cumbrous machinery of Army medical boards needs more than a drop of your hustlers' oil.

A man was passed into Grade I by the Ministry of Labour doctors. Yet he was deaf, and his sight had been damaged by a vitriol splash.

After a fortnight in the Army, he was sent to a military hospital. A month later, he was examined by a medical board.

He is still awaiting a decision.

In ten weeks he has had nothing to do except scrub floors and lounge about, an appalling waste of a man who in civil life was a toolsetter.

His case is typical of many.

It can't please you to spend public money on keeping unfit men in idleness, particularly when they might be helping our war effort if returned to civil life.

It certainly angers the victims—and JOHN BULL.

The COUNTY COUNCIL,
Hertfordshire

GENTLEMEN,—If parochial parsimony were a virtue, you would all wear haloes for refusing to equip fully first-aid posts in a frequently bombed area.

But you've agreed to let the military share the equipment that civilians have had to provide!

Such insolent "generosity" is a common ingredient of meanness.—JOHN BULL.

Air-Marshal Sir C. PORTAL,
C.-in-C., Bomber Command

DEAR SIR CHARLES,—No one can begrudge the tributes paid to fighter pilots for their part in defending our land

Yet no one should forget the courage shown by the men you command; men who carry on the offensive by day and night.

If there lingers any doubt, in any part of the world, of the effectiveness of their hammer blows at the enemy, it should be dispelled by the anxiety flaunted by Goebbels' minions.

Indeed, that anxiety has reached the point of hysteria.

Nazi newspapers can only utter blood-curdling threats to distract their readers' attention from the havoc caused by your bombers.

"If Churchill and his airmen keep this up, then England will not have enough blood and tears to satisfy our remorseless demand for revenge."

This typical example reveals something near panic.

There is this further reason for satisfaction.

We know that the Nazi air force has reached its peak.

Britain's R.A.F. is still expanding—rapidly and enormously.

I have heard details of the new bombers by which you will soon be able to strike still deeper into Germany's heart and its new funk-holes for industry on its distant borders.

And I know the extent of the damage you have already inflicted.

Although it has not been accomplished without loss, your casualties have been comparatively few.

That is proof of high skill.

The courage of your bomber crews is shown no less decisively by their calm in braving fierce anti-aircraft fire; their determination to find their targets at all cost.

Through you, I send to them the public's gratitude.
—JOHN BULL.

Lord WOOLTON,
Minister of Food

MY LORD,—Sufferers from pulmonary tuberculosis and extreme debility cannot get even an extra ounce of butter. But would there not be ample for them—and others—if butter was withheld from restaurants?

One other point: far too much meat is being consumed in restaurants!—JOHN BULL.

The Rev. J. NORTON,
Chester Methodist Synod

REVEREND SIR,—Only the bigots will thank you for saying that German airmen do not bomb breweries, "*because Hitler knows that if Britons go on drinking at the present rate we shall lose the war.*"

If you intended to be facetious, it was a silly jest.

If you were serious, it was a stupid slander.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. M. KEYNES,
Famous Economist

DEAR MR. KEYNES,—To folk who think that economists must be dry-as-dust lecturers, your broadcast was as agreeable a shock as it was a tonic to the rest of us.

You said that after a year of war Britain remains richer in national wealth than she was at the beginning of 1937.

As for bombing, "if we were to suffer a million pounds' worth of damage every night for a year, we should not have lost more than 4 per cent. of our buildings and their contents—or more than we could restore in a couple of years."

Consolation indeed!

But no less encouraging is your conclusion that no sign of inflation is yet apparent in our financial position.

Whatever sacrifices we may have to make, we must keep that position as steady in the second year of war as it has been kept during the last twelve months.
—JOHN BULL.

The Point of Living

AVOID those folk who pull long faces, who moan and prophesy, for such people don't know how to live, and they don't know how to die. They seem to think that Heaven should be brought in a van to their door, so shrunken is their vision that they refuse Life's Heights to explore.

SUCH people think adventure uncomfortable and slightly mad, they only want to cling to things they've always known and had. They don't want Brave To-morrows, they just want a safe to-day, they're Obstructionists who'd stop the World from expanding its upward way.

BUT even with all their scheming, they don't attain their goal, they wither their hearts by preserving them and they lose the Song of the Soul. They lose the Point of Living as they creep down Caution's Aisles, for Goa enriches Life's Disasters, and Blesses the Soul that Smiles.

FOR the Smile of the Soul is something that makes the whole World right, it's a challenge and a comfort that, no matter how dark the night, it will not be defeated, but its radiant Faith will reveal, till it makes this earth a Heaven and makes Immortal Life's Ordeal.

THEY'RE USED TO IT

---Brothers Under the Skin---

The ebony warriors from Jamaica (they say the old Indian word Xaymaca means 'Land of Trees and Water') claim kinship with English counties, say Britain's fight is their fight

--- By Richard Charteris ---

WILLIS MORGAN PRINCE, aged 36, was the second coloured man in khaki I met that evening; and the circumstances were remarkably parallel.

Earlier, I had encountered Bob Alberts, aged 22, Canadian citizen, a happy, smiling Negro from Saint John, New Brunswick, eager to throw his weight into the struggle for Freedom.

On leave, they had both arrived in London from their respective camps in time to be enveloped by a sizzling air raid.

Morgan Prince was the more mature warrior. He made claim to spiritual kinship with Londoners.

I had almost passed him when his ebony face was lit by a near-by gunflash.

He was fully accoutred, tall and rangy, deep-chested and long-armed, with the shapings of a fine cruiserweight boxer.

Guns whined, barked and blazed in a triumphant discord of destruction, pointing the skies with bright starlike shellbursts.

Overhead could be heard the sinister drone of a Nazi bomber.

London was a city in silhouette, flickering with strange half-lights, sudden gleams

Shell splinters whacked and rattled against housetops, spattered and tinkled on pavements.

Something unpleasantly heavy fell near.

I steered Morgan to a place of shelter and refreshment.

In the light, I saw his polished, handsome profile, the kinky hair, and full yet shapely lips.

His voice was resonant, warmly inflected.

His eyes beamed cleanly from a warm, black setting; his teeth flashed joyously, and he gave a great chuckling laugh that seemed to swamp the barrage, the whoop and whistle of the bombs.

"No, siree," he said, "I don't want nothing to spoil my leave.

"Eight days.

"Oh, man! Eight whole days! And in London, too. Life's queer, I'll say.

"I'm near Middlesex now, ain't I?

"Well, that's where I was born.

"Yes, sir—in the county of Middlesex, Jamaica, West Indies. None of you Englishmen seem to know, but our island is divided into three counties.

"Cornwall in the west, Surrey in the east, and Middlesex in the centre. That gives me a sort of claim on you, I figure.

"I was born in Spanish Town, inland from Port Royal. The Spaniards and the buccaneers had a grip on us until your English buccaneer, Henry Morgan, came along, cleared them out and became sort of Governor.

"That was in the time of Charles II, who made him Sir Henry for that bit of work."

HE meditated a moment, rolling a cigarette, then chuckled deeply.

"I guess we've got a few buccaneers left, same as you might have.

"They ain't so open, and they don't take the same risks, but some of them have helped to spoil our island.

"They couldn't spoil the people.

"See, there's more than a million of us, and we were a happy people when I was a boy.

"Trade ain't been so good in recent years. The cane sugar industry has been hard hit by beet sugar competition. But we still turn out a mountain of the stuff, the best in the wide world. And then there's our rum, the only rum worth while.

He drew at his self-rolled cigarette, held the smoke for an appreciable period, and then expelled it from his nostrils.

"Ah," he said, regretfully, "talking like this has brought back my old dad to me. He was a great man.

"Twice he saved my life—in an earthquake and in a cyclone.

"Yet I quarrelled with him and ran away from home.

"I was not much more than four when the earthquake hit Kingston and whacked it out, smack.

"All I can remember is that the family was in a big hay wagon with sloping sides, and the old dad was whipping at the four horses for all he was worth.

"He was urging them up to the high lands, and we escaped the disastrous shocks that followed. My nose was buried in hay; and the smell of hay today revives that memory.

"I was an older boy when we bumped into that cyclone.

"Dad sensed it coming.

"He had felt it in the air all morning, and then he saw the first signs of it in the distance—a huge black cloud swinging across the sky in the distance, at a hell of a pace.

"He tumbled us all into the ice cellar—slung me in by the seat of my pants.

"He had just time to roll mammy on to us and fall in himself when the cyclone hit us.

"It was like the scream of ten thousand giants hitting all the notes at once. Through the air hole I could see trees sailing away like wisps of straw, and whole roofs, some of corrugated iron, skimmed aloft just like cards.

"Our own farmhouse groaned and crashed in a second, but none of us was hurt. A bit of luck, that, don't you say?"

AT that moment a tremendous detonation shook the building we were in, then a second and a third.

Morgan Prince remained unperturbed. He even chuckled.

"Nothing's going to spoil my leave," he said. "I've been through two earthquakes and a cyclone. Screaming bombs ain't nothing to it. And I've been in the Ring against some hard hitters.

"AND I've come through Dunkirk. That's where I lost my great buddy, a white from Vancouver. A fine man if ever there was one. He was lost on the beaches.

"See here, friend, us boys from the West Indies are here for a job.

They make fine soldiers, these tall deep-chested Negroes of the New World who are so determined to put an end to war in the Old

"It's got to be done, and done in the quickest time possible.

"As for me personally, I'm here to fight for my native county—Middlesex.

"I claim Middlesex.

"You ain't a man if you won't fight for what you claim. The fight for London's my fight."

Girls of the County Brigade!

BRITAIN'S "Women's Army"—the Auxiliary Territorial Service—started off in grand style.

They opened a school of instruction for officers at the Duke of York's headquarters at Chelsea, London.

It did not seem much like a People's War.

Those who enrolled had to pay a doctor's fee for their medical examination, £20 for a uniform, £2 12s. 6d. for shoes, 9s. 6d. for gloves and £7 7s. for an overcoat.

For one week's class, half of the hundred and thirty would-be women officers arrived in their own cars, which they parked in the drill square.

Most of the women were daughters of Army and county families. Some stayed in West End hotels during their week's training.

Among the county directors of the A.T.S. there were four duchesses, twenty-three women of title, and two who were just plain "Mrs."

* * *

Ellen Wilkinson, M.P., thought that something should be done about it.

"I object to the administration of the Service by Mayfair Society women," she said. "I have had many letters from responsible middle-class women who have tried to enrol. They indicate that it is being run just as a snob show.

"Naturally, we don't want politics mixed up in national service, but middle-class and working women are finding that they are expected to do all the dirty work. The upper middle-class and the aristocracy go in and get commissions as a matter of course.

"If there are going to be women's defence organisations, they ought to be run democratically, not as a cocktail party."

Ellen launched her first attack in February, 1939, before the war! She repeated it time after time.

Once Lady Astor and Ellen had a clash about it in the House.

HANNEN SWAFFER

says that Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan, head of the "Women's Army," plays eight kinds of patience in her spare time. Only one kind is needed at her job.

"Is she doing all she can to get Labour women to join?" asked Nancy.

"Not while it is in the hands of a social set like yours," snapped Ellen.

Ellen Wilkinson was justified. For the A.T.S. soon faced a secret investigation by the Select Committee on National Expenditure. It was accused of inefficiency!

Poor food, lack of proper medical care of a great number of the sick, waste of ability, and a wrong system of promotion, were some of the blunt allegations made.

Sir Joseph Nall, one of the Tory M.P.s for Manchester, declared that there was need of direction at the top of the A.T.S. . . . "*a need for something a little more in touch with the ideas of present-day girls serving in it.*"

Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan, C.B.E., D.Sc., LL.D., is now Chief Controller of the Auxiliary Territorial Service.

I do not know how much she was herself to blame, for she gives an idea of high competence.

* * *

Sixty years old, but brisk and alert, she is in normal times Professor of Botany at London University. Fungi and protoplasm are her special subjects.

But that was not the reason for her appointment.

It was because she was Chief Controller of the Waacs in the last war, when 10,000 women were sent to France and altogether 57,000 served.

The A.T.S. was formed in the autumn of 1938, and had been in training a year before war broke out, when its 20,000 members were mobilised with the troops.

Now the force exceeds 30,000.

Dame Helen was one of the first to take flying lessons for war duties.

Daughter of a former Scots Guard officer and widow of a distinguished botanist, her career has been divided between the Services and science.

Three times an unsuccessful Tory candidate for Parliament, she had her best fight at North Camberwell in 1922, when Charles Ammon, the Labour candidate, won by only 254 votes.

Dame Helen gave hecklers a devil of a time and enjoyed the rough-and-tumble of the meetings.

* * *

High executive authority sits on her easily, and the weight of bossing 30,000 women in khaki has not flattened her sense of humour.

She has grey hair, cut short, wide-set, candid eyes. She is tall and friendly and she hates fuss.

She plays, in her spare time, eight varieties of patience. Only one is needed at her job.

Over sex distinctions she shows impatience.

"There has been too much over-classification of the sexes," she says.

"After all, men and women . . . we are all alike . . . and fundamentally, we are much more alike than is usually supposed."

She thinks it easy "in a way for the 'Hon. Mary Smith' to settle down to work side by side with someone who, perhaps, was a scullery-maid once upon a time."

Yet, despite her respect for the scullery-maid, she has a "County" angle on some things.

When questioned about the titled women officers in the A.T.S., she said she thought it gave the Service standing in the counties!

Give A.R.P. More Help

CLEARING UP THE MESS AFTER HITLER'S BOMBERS IS BECOMING A VITAL BRITISH INDUSTRY. IT EMPLOYS THOUSANDS OF MEN, HEROES EVERY ONE. BUT THERE IS EVIDENCE IN PLENTY TO PROVE THAT THEY DO NOT ALWAYS GET ALL THE OFFICIAL ASSISTANCE THAT THEY NEED

"CAN JOHN BULL tell me how to get gelignite for immediate, urgent demolition work now instead of in three days' time," asked the begrimed foreman, leader of one of London's many heroic gangs.

He was voicing a growing feeling that the gallantry of these men, now employed to "clear up" after Nazi air raids, are not receiving sufficient official recognition.

Praise there is in plenty, but these men want essential assistance, not medals.

This foreman was faced with a difficult task.

Roads were closed, everyone was pressing him to get on with the job, but he just couldn't get the explosives needed for his job.

There's no doubt about the eagerness of these men, thousands of whom are busy all over the country in demolition squads, rescue parties, "suicide" squads, A.R.P. wardens and auxiliary firemen.

All of them are heroes.

They do their best, sometimes working twenty-four hours without a break, but there are not enough of them.

Some of the jobs they tackle are appalling.

A huge block of flats has been hit. A circular call is immediately sent to all A.R.P. services — wardens, firemen, utility company employees and demolition squads.

The firemen are first on the scene.

Even the demolition men take their hats off to the firemen. They have to go to work while bombs are still falling —if there is a fire.

After the firemen, the toughest jobs in the security services are given to the demolition men.

They work while bombs are falling—if there are lives to be saved.

"It is the thought of human lives being at stake that spurs us on more than anything else," said the burly, begrimed foreman.

THESE men speak in terms of head trees, side trees and use other expressions unfamiliar to the layman.

Expert tunnellers, they can guarantee with the aid of their specially constructed timber supports, called "trees," to burrow their way down into any mass of débris when searching for possible victims.

They go out in convoys, a dozen lorries at a time.

They are equipped with everything for speedy shoring up, demolition and rescue work.

They have iron-shod levers, 15-ton jacks, a weird assortment of pulleys and chains, timber supports in plenty, shovels, pickaxes, sledgehammers, mallets, axes, and even then their resources are not exhausted.

When precautions against bombing raids were first made, boroughs likely to be affected arranged with big building firms to lend them special equipment if it should be needed.

Demolition men can commandeer anything from a portable crane to a giant steam shovel.

The man in the tin hat and the overall is emerging as the figure of heroism in this people's war. To him go the perilous tasks of rescuing his fellows from the perils of air attack. He fights, but it is a fight to save, not to kill

These tough guys of the demolition squads work hard.

They wear big, thick-soled boots and overalls, once blue but now the colour of the rubble of bricks and mortar among which they spend their days.

They hang perilously, secured on ropes, half-way down the battered walls of tall buildings, chipping away cornices and other masonry that might fall and endanger the public.

They crawl in and out of window-frames to which jagged glass still adheres, chipping the glass away, knocking out broken frames and roping on timber and steel tube supports.

They handle dangerous explosives . . . gelignite is in great demand.

Many of them have already scores of lives to their credit.

"Teddy," of Holborn, is a demolition squad youth of 12 stone, who crawled through a small jagged hole in a dangerous mountain of débris to bring out alive people who had been sheltering in the basement.

NOTHING daunted, they crawl into the tottering frames of ruined buildings, burrowing under walls that threaten to collapse on them at any minute.

And when a wall does collapse, burying a "suicide squad," reserve units dash in where most other heroes would fear to tread. These demolition men form a human battering ram that keeps on hammering at the remnants of buildings until they give up their victims.

Such men deserve a decoration.

In the last few weeks they have added many illustrious chapters to Britain's book of gallantry. You can't expect them to go out and clear up the broken glass.

Yet it would seem that they must also tackle that job.

It is left to them as something they ought to be doing when there's no danger round the corner.

The Metropolitan Water Board collaborates with its expert plumbers, mains-layers and maintenance men in ensuring a speedy reconnection of water supplies.

Giant conduit pipes have to be carried in equally giant lorries.

Oxy-acetylene apparatus, boiling lead, huge spanners and huge bolts and screws are just parts of their equipment.

Electric companies have their miles of lead cable on reels, their shoring-up planks, hydraulic drills and air-compressor plants.

Gas companies, with specially equipped vans and expert mechanics, are speedily on the scene of any direct hit.

BUT when all is said and done for the heroism and endurance of these men, still something is lacking in administration.

"There's not enough of us, for one thing," says another demolition man.

"We've been without sleep since yesterday, but still there's heaps to be done. It's beyond any man's powers of endurance to keep on so long.

"Before I came here I had hardly two hours' sleep, what with getting up for warnings and seeing that places were reserved for the wife and children in the Tube shelter for the night."

Glass littered Oxford Street for days.

A few unemployed, put to the work they so eagerly desire, would at least give this thoroughfare a respectable appearance.

The appearance of Cheapside, bombed days ago, is another reproach to those responsible for the insufficiency of the "clearing up" services, and a hole in the Strand remained only a crater for days.

Goering's bombers often jettison their bombs indiscriminately on dwelling-houses, but there is also evidence that in many instances the bombs fall near railways, important road arteries and junctions, and gasometers and power stations.

Goering wants to paralyse municipal services and communications.

It is a job which, if he maintains his bombing at its present rate, will take three years, but there is no necessity for us to make the job easier for him.

Efficient organisation of the unemployed in Britain would clear up the mess much quicker and relieve a lot of the pressure that is being applied to gallant demolition and other A.R.P. men.

The nucleus of the organisation is already there.

Situated in a famous London building, to which visitors are driven in cars with blinds drawn, is the headquarters of the London demolition and rescue services.

A huge map in the control-room shows, by means of flags, the location and telephone number of every A.R.P. and demolition station in the London area.

The colours on the map show that London is divided into several huge sectors for "clearing up the mess," and it is possible for any of these sectors (some of them embracing areas many square miles) to telephone headquarters for additional wardens, stretcher parties, demolition men or firemen from another area.

London headquarters can even summon demolition and other experts from the provinces if necessary.

IT seems evident, from a tour of many of London's hard-hit boroughs, where tired-out men of the A.R.P. services complain of lack of beds and long hours, that the Government has been caught napping.

Civilians (men, women drivers and youths) are risking their lives every minute in the great Metropolis to keep the wheels of commerce turning.

Men of one demolition squad told me that they had lost six out of their twenty members as casualties in a fortnight.

The Government must help these men in their dangerous tasks by seeing that they are not overworked.

It is up to the Government to help keep the great Metropolis functioning, in spite of Hitler's threats, by organising the unemployed and putting more men to "clearing up the mess."

WRECKED PLANES YIELD SECRETS

DUMPS of blasted German aircraft, appropriately nicknamed "*The Luftwaffe's Last Landing-ground*," are not utilised only for salvaging valuable metal.

Each dump is a vast laboratory where experts can poke about until they unearth the secrets of Goering's *Luftwaffe*.

Every scrap of metal in the wrecks; every drop of oil and petrol; specimens of every instrument and meter are tested, and the results checked against the performance of British equipment of the same type.

In this way experts find out how the blockade is affecting Hitler, and what further loopholes must be stopped in the future.

Some wrecked craft are carefully rebuilt from parts salvaged from other machines of the same model and are taken to secret testing grounds where they are put through stiff flying-tests.

Nazi machines fail miserably in some intricate manœuvres, and British fighter tactics are then thought out with an eye on these weaknesses.

Tests show that the Nazis have not been able to produce even one new type of craft superior to our own; they have done much in de-bunking rumours about the *Luftwaffe*.

German machines are not being built out of "*Ersatz*" and scrap. They are not being sent over without proper navigational instruments and bomb-sights.

German machines are good—but, "not good enough," say British experts.

Their bomb-sights are not so accurate as our own. Their oil and petrol have not the same high octane content.

And the metal used in the frame-work will not stand the same severe stresses and strains.

ALLOTMENTS MUDDLE

THE allotments campaign has been a miserable failure. Instead of there being half a million more allotments providing food for the nation, only half that number are under cultivation.

And figures alone do not convey the extent of the failure.

My postbag proves that many men who have toiled in their meagre leisure to raise crops are now thinking of abandoning their plots.

Their enthusiasm has been damped by the obstructionist folly of local officials. Their efforts have been wasted because of glut that could have been prevented by a little foresight.

Now, I have no patience with people who blame the Government for every flaw in the war machine. Too often the responsibility rests on less important shoulders.

But Ministers must accept criticism for not insisting upon co-ordination among the various authorities.

Wasted Crops

Voluntary organisations with unpaid officials have been working hard to arrange direct supply of food to the troops. Their hands are tied by red tape; the food is being left to rot.

At Evesham, Salisbury Plain and other places, a great surplus of vegetables and fruit is being wasted though big military camps near by can obtain only tinned food. Smallholders are in despair.

Moreover, it is not only the difficulty of disposing of crops that has mocked the hopes of allotment pioneers.

In districts throughout the country, local councils stubbornly refuse to set aside land that would allow us to laugh at Hitler's threats of blockade.

It is significant that one-quarter of all the war time allotments are in the London area

Great provincial cities are still "humming" and "hawing" over the Government's "Dig for Victory" appeals.

Yet even in London diggers are snubbed and irritated.

The mayor of an important area, who spoke so eloquently over the radio at the beginning of the campaign about the intentions of his council, should listen to-day to some of the comments made by local allotment-holders.

Hopeless Soil

Many of them have been forced to relinquish their holdings because of the hopeless nature of the ground allotted to them.

"I dug half a houseful of bricks out of my plot," writes one reader. "The council ought to have known better than to give us such unsuitable ground."

In another part of this North-West London borough men dug and cleared their land.

Then, at the start of the season, they wrote to the council about the delay in getting a supply of water.

Eventually they were told that they would have to help in paying for water to be laid on to the land.

They readily agreed to pay; but there is still no water.

In the first flush of enthusiasm one Kentish council went to the expense of providing a demonstration plot in the public gardens. Later the councillors cooled off.

Nothing Happens

"We have tried repeatedly to get the plot fenced," writes one holder, "and to have water put at our disposal, but nothing happens.

"Our crops suffered, and we only received the fence when we built it ourselves."

In another instance a park superintendent refused to allow diggers to put up bean poles on allotments staked out in his park.

These are but a few examples of a general muddle. Now a fresh effort is to be made to offset our loss of 250,000 tons of vegetables a year from the Channel Islands.

Mr. Hudson, the Minister of Agriculture, announces a new "Dig for Victory" campaign that aims at providing half a million allotments.

I wish him luck. I know he will have the utmost support from the public.

But I urge him to use his powers drastically.

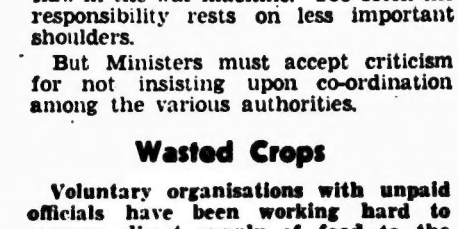
As a first step, I suggest, he should promote a scheme for collecting surplus vegetables from private growers, who cannot even give their crops away and yet are liable to heavy penalties if they allow them to be wasted!

Sleepy local councils must be jerked into consciousness.

Snobbery and local prejudice must be banished.

People must be encouraged to work a plot for all they are worth.

It is only by a real drive that this weapon against Hitler can be used effectively.



Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

First-Aid Scandal Grows

YOU can't turn to the file of press cuttings devoted to Sir John Anderson without being impressed by this fine civil servant's record of ruthless efficiency. His career, when poured into the revealing mould of a biography, will be a shining example to the young man whose eyes are straining for a glimpse of Whitehall's most important offices.

Even the rod of irony with which he ruled his Indian staff should give Sir John lasting fame, and it is a pity only that he does not now employ his caustic tongue to whip the muddle-headed organisers of A.R.P. services into shape.

* * *

Don't think that I am lacking in appreciation of the work of A.R.P. volunteers under fire when I start to point out the flaws in this brave new service. They have been grand. Their heroism has taught a world of cynics that gallantry flourishes as never before.

That is why I grieve that in some posts—many of them not yet tempered by the heat of action—the business of A.R.P. is secondary to the social life of suburbs.

That is why I would like Sir John to rise from his couch of complacency and vigorously put an end to the nonsense with that great gift of derision that he has used to such good effect in the past.

There is no getting away from it; A.R.P. in many places is too much like the popular coffee shop in a county town on a Saturday morning.

Sir John should realise now that A.R.P. is still controlled by local cliques comprised only of the big-wigs who know little of the business. He should see that in some posts senior wardens use their old Army titles, that their satellites strike no spark of shame when they show their distaste by calling each other "Gunner" or "Corporal."

That in one near-London town there was a blizzard of resignations when wardens were rebuked for not having discovered incendiary bombs. In vain they protested that only the day before they had been rebuked for not taking cover during a raid. So they resigned.

There have been serious "revolts" in many London districts because men with money and municipal prestige have been granted such ranks as senior warden and second warden without their having attended a single A.R.P. lecture.

Sir John should realise that A.R.P. officials in many towns are cleverer at deception than they are tackling raid damage.

For the benefit of visiting officials from Whitehall, they switch their equipment from one post to another to make the demonstration look impressive.

* * *

Such flurries as these in the local A.R.P. posts are the reason for a scandal that has been boiling over in one Middlesex town for some months.

Many false stories were started when a well-beloved local doctor resigned, to be succeeded by a woman doctor. And even though the scandal is now being ventilated at council meetings, a lot of people think there is a grave scandal behind what appears to be mere talk.

The scandal is that too many people have to resign rather than put up with the inefficiency of their so-called seniors.

And Sir John should see that it doesn't have to happen again.

PEOPLE TO AVOID

COMPANY promoters, hard put to it now to make a handsome income as quickly as they did in peace time, are trying new methods.

Advertisements appeared recently in a national newspaper inviting the services of representatives, who were supposedly required to canvass people for emergency orders.

Applicants were astonished to find that they were required to advance £3,000 before being enrolled.

They will be even more astonished to learn that an ex-bankrupt is behind this scheme for a series of "chain" shops throughout the country.

Many persons lost money some time ago when this man introduced a similar scheme.

Don't part with a penny until you are assured that the project in which you are interested is genuine.

I am here to give you such advice.

* * *

AGAIN I feel it is necessary to warn readers against the many mushroom "matrimonial agencies" now appearing everywhere.

The latest "matrimonial literature" to reach me comes from a "friendly union" that requires five guineas for registration, a further ten guineas if an introduction leads to matrimony.

These agencies are definitely dangerous. They are an easy way of making money, and it is a pity they are allowed to exist.

* * *

LOOK out for a suave middle-aged man who, vaguely describing himself as a clergyman, moves from town to town and arranges the rooms he rents by the week as a place of "temporary" worship.

He is not merely a crank.

He tells people that he was consecrated by a bishop who is not recognised by the orthodox clergy.

I'm going to keep my eye on him!

* * *

ONE of my old friends, a self-ordained "millionaire," who only recently emerged from prison for obtaining credit without disclosing that he was an undischarged bankrupt, is already busy again.

He obtained money from one man recently by offering him a secretarial position.

Let me emphasise again that it is foolish even to contemplate paying money to a stranger on the promise of a remunerative post.

* * *

BOGUS-CHARITY crooks are formidable rogues.

Prominent among them is a particularly scheming woman who told a dupe at Cheltenham that through her husband's death she was in temporary financial difficulties. But she would be comfortably off when eventually her allowance was granted.

Then she disappeared, and the woman, who lost £70, discovered that the charming "widow" was "wanted" for fraud.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

MR. A. E. POWELL, Hulton Lane, Bolton, Lancs., receives this week's £1 1s. He gave me information about a firm whose activities have now been suspended. Mark your envelopes "Public Benefactor."

Britain in Battledress . . . 4

By Maurice Fagence

FANCY MEETING YOU!

There was a time when only a brave man would have dared to enter London's underworld after dark . . . now you find undaunted cheerfulness in the Air Raid Shelters where East End meets West End as stalwart Cockneys face the air raid in a get-together atmosphere

I STOOD in that part of London's West End where the goloshed feet of night-revellers used to be heard more often in the dark hours than the heavier soles of night-workers.

At every point of the compass I was hedged by famous residential squares whose names roll off tongues at all the fashionable foreign watering-places.

I had passed through one street where torch-extinguishers are still attached to the walls of palatial "town houses"—relics of a day when the coachman found your front-door by the light of a blazing bundle of rushes.

Here and there were square stones from which householders who had surrendered their agility to the twin gods Rich Food and Port Wine in the days of Beau Brummel had mounted their horses for a morning canter.

And there, where every stone spelt Leisure, I heard a most peremptory voice.

It came from a head poked from the door of a public shelter labelled "Accommodation for 600."

"Elsie!" it shrieked, "get a move on, for heaven's sake. There's only twenty places left."

I saw Elsie.

Blond and buxom, she was carting cushions and blankets she had brought all the way from the bombed Elephant and Castle district.

Her little son, bearer of the family food basket, scolded her into one last spurt to reach the shelter.

But others had heard that warning.

"Only twenty places left."

A butler who was closing a front door—the sort of man trained to do everything at a noiseless glide—actually ran across the road, looking not a little ashamed at his surrender of dignity.

A taxi-driver unloading cushions at the door of the shelter "went to it" in true Herbert Morrison style, pushing his middle-aged woman fare through the shelter door and throwing her rough-and-ready bedding after her.

She had come from London's East End.

She was not the sort of woman given to hiring taxicabs.

The nightly cost of motoring to safety must have torn, not merely stretched, her slender budget.

But she was a cripple.

"We taxi-men in the district let her down lightly with the cost," the driver told me, "though we shouldn't. But you can't do it if you don't own your own cab."

WITHOUT doubt, there were at least twenty-five sprinting or pounding towards those last twenty seats.

Two girls, who might have been actresses.

A sleek-looking young man.

A capped and muffered old man.

A Mayfair servant or two.

A working family of five, and one or two people who looked as though they might have owned these great houses around.

They were all accommodated.

I heard the voice that had warned Elsie from the shelter door issuing yet another warning to her.

"Seven o'clock," she said. "The sirens'll be going any minute now. Just like you to leave things till the last minute. Haven't I told you to get here with two hours to spare if you want to make sure of a decent place?"

Safe underground from everything except the direct hit of the heaviest bombs, we babbled lightheartedly till the "alert" sounded.

A woman bent over a baby boy in a silk-lined portable cot.

She proved to be an Army officer's wife.

"It was a bit of a job getting baby here at first," she said, "because it needs two to carry the cot, and my money doesn't run to a servant.

"But the very first night we came here I called a young man who serves at a West End coffee-stall, and he has helped me ever since. A real gentleman, if ever there was one."

If ever there was one. . . .

It sounded strange in a district that had other ideas about gentleness until a day of enlightenment dawned.

SO you've lost your home," I heard a woman say further down the gallery.

"Every stick, dear," was the answer.

For a moment she didn't add to those three words.

Her eyes looked vacantly at the wall opposite.

Her hand played about with a corner of the blanket that covered the child at her feet.

It takes all sorts to make the brave new world of the air raid shelter, the underground home from home in which Londoners sit while they defy Nazis to do their worst

Then she told of a husband in the Army, a house that collapsed into rubble when a bomb fell outside the front door, of an Anderson shelter that seemed to leap about like a horse. And then . . .

"But I can't grumble," she said. "I could have gone away into the country, except that I wanted to stay near my mother.

"Seems to me from what I've heard," she said, "that some of the evacuated families are being well looked after, and some not so well. It all depends on what sort of official you get, I expect.

"My sister, now, is in a home in the country with her youngsters.

"She was lucky. Within a day she had silver in her purse to spend at the grocer's. I think that's the solution, don't you?

"See that a woman has silver in her purse. It's a marvel what she can face when she's got something to spend.

"It isn't the same to give her food. A woman feels everything has gone when she can't spend the money herself, no matter how little it is."

See that she has a little silver to spend.

Wise words, Mr. MacDonald.

After all, this poor woman does know. The best-intentioned people in the whole of Whitehall can't know quite as well!

From now on, noises, noises, noises.

From above, crumps and thuds.

"Bombs!" said a woman.

"No, *sir*," said a white-haired man. "Permit me, as an old artilleryman, to know a gun when I hear one. Them, madam, are my lullaby. When I hear them it's like as if I'm among old friends, and I feel like going off to sleep."

He yawned.

"Guns, all right," he added, as though invited to give a second opinion.

Then, to the man next to him, he gave a preposterously ungainly wink, and said, "Bombs, all right, but I don't believe in telling women."

Noises, noises, noises.

Far down the gallery the snorers were getting into their stride.

The voices that did continue died to whispers.

One person only was reprimanded for unreasonableness.

It was a woman.

"Sorry, mate," she whispered, and within two minutes was lost to the world.

THEN dawn approached.

Every now and then somebody stirred, and a tired voice asked: "Was that the 'All Clear'?"

Time and again the watcher by the door announced, "Not yet."

Some people seemed to be awakened by hunger. They produced sandwiches; thermos flasks full of tea.

They looked round to see who else was awake.

"A nice cup of tea?" they would say. "A sandwich? Made of sardine, if you like 'em."

Nobody need go hungry or thirsty, just as nobody need go lonely, in this place where East meets West every night.

Then the "All Clear" did go—and I was sorry to lose them all.

They are so brave, although there is so little heroic in their conversation.

They are so friendly and understanding—even if it *has* needed a war to make them so.

They are so generous, whether they have little or much.

I walked into streets which Nelson, and Marlborough, and Wellington had known.

They knew the great days of our race, but not as great as these.

We numbered heroes by the hundreds of thousands then. They are not far off the forty million mark now.

I thought of the days when knighthood was in flower.

Then I saw Fred, the coffee-stall assistant, helping to carry the baby for the officer's wife.

"A gentleman if ever there was one," she had said.

Can it be that true knighthood has just begun to flower?

THE HUMAN MACHINE

It's How You Take It That Matters

GOOD intentions are admirable. Good motives are priceless.

They only cease to be valuable when good action fails to follow.

The opposite of this is largely true.

If an action is good, it doesn't much matter what sort of motive force gave rise to it.

It is deeds that count. It is what we do that matters. It is how we behave that determines not only the course of our own life but also that of others.

It isn't what happens to us that matters, but how we react to what happens to us. Hence the proverb "Actions speak louder than words"!

Practical applications of all this are important in such days as these when the balance between reason and emotion is none too easy to maintain.

Things may happen that make you feel terribly afraid, but as long as you don't behave in a panic-stricken way, your feelings are your own concern.

There's nothing blameworthy in feeling worried and anxious, dispirited and dejected.

Your feelings are private.

But your actions are public to some extent, since life involves contact with others.

So whatever we feel, let us be sure that our actions are not going to create the wrong sort of atmosphere.

Let us never forget that profound truth that if we *think* right we shall automatically *act* right.

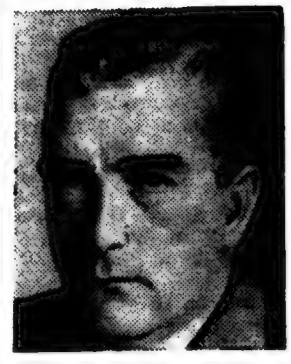
Where there are two paths open to us we might as well take the easier one!

FREEDOM'S BIG RA

Round the British Empire's struggle against all the evil things for which Hitler and Mussolini stand the hosts of Freedom are mustering—and every day the shape of things to come looms more menacing over the gangsters

By A. G. GARDINER

President Roosevelt sees America's path clearly, and Mr. McKenzie King, Canada's Premier, is forging ever-closer ties with the U.S.



Mr. Cordell Hull, U.S. Secretary of State, like his President, has no delusions. He knows that Mr. Menzies, as Premier of Australia, is a vital link

WHEN I ask myself the secret of my confidence in the issue of the war I find it has two roots.

The first is spiritual. A new world is coming to birth, and the agonies of parturition represent the clash of the forces that will shape its destiny.

We know the destiny that Hitler has in mind for the new world.

That homicidal maniac ceaselessly proclaims that he is building a Germanic empire that will possess the earth and last for a thousand years, with all the children of men enslaved by a dynasty of tyrants ruling with the lash and the Gestapo.

Well, we know that whatever the destiny of the new world may be it will not be that.

That is a destiny that could only have been conceived by insanity, and, however ill we may think of the world, its normal existence is and can only be based on sanity.

Nor can gangsterism be more than a passing phase.

It has had an astonishing run, but that has been only because the civilised nations could not realise that such an impudent denial of all the moralities of life had to be taken seriously.

We could not believe it possible that such wickedness could enter into the heart of men.

Hitler wrote a vast book to tell the world what he intended to do with it. But the world went on unheeding.

Such crazy criminality seemed to belong to the realm of the madhouse.

Now we are awake. We have got gangsterism by the throat and shall not and cannot let go until it is destroyed.

And it will be destroyed. Nothing is more certain than that "the stream of tendency that makes for righteousness" in the affairs of men ultimately prevails.

However triumphant gangsterism may be, its reign is short lived. The resources of civilisation, when fully extended, are always more powerful than its enemy.

We have had an illustration of that in the United States.

A dozen years ago gangsterism had become a menace to the very existence of society.

It corrupted the police. It corrupted the judiciary. It terrorised the trader.

It blackmailed the public. It fouled the whole current of the national life. And it seemed invincible.

But then the Government took the field against the evil thing, and from the moment that Al Capone was under lock and key gangsterism was doomed.

The rats have been routed out of the sewers and organised gangsterism has ceased to pollute the life of the nation.

HITLER AND MUSSOLINI ARE THE GANGSTERS OF THE INTERNATIONAL STAGE. THAT THEY WILL SHARE THE FATE OF AL CAPONE IS, TO ME, AS CERTAIN AS THE RISING OF TO-MORROW'S SUN.

It is certain because civilised society cannot live without their destruction and the destruction of all the infamies they stand for.

And it is certain because civilised society has the will and the power to live.

And this spiritual confidence in the issue of the war is fortified by the impressive movement of events.

I DO not refer here simply to the prospects of the conflict.

They are, it is true, encouraging beyond any expectation that we could have entertained in those dark days of June, when the betrayal of France left us deserted in the face of an apparently resistless enemy.

Those nightmare days are gone.

They have been whisked away by heroisms as splendid as any in our history.

But when I speak of "the impressive movement of events" which gives us the assurance of victory, I refer to matters which are happening "off stage" as it were.

They will have their influence on the war; but they will help to shape that destiny of the world which will issue from the war.

The most significant of these events relates to the United States.

A journalistic friend of mine who was in Washington when the war began has told me that in a company of American journalists the view was generally held that America would be "in the war" not earlier than three months and not later than nine months from the start.

Events have shown that journalists can be as indifferent prophets as other people.

AMERICA IS STILL NOT "IN THE WAR" AS A COMBATANT, AND PERHAPS WILL NEVER BE IN THE WAR AS A COMBATANT.

BUT, SHORT OF ACTIVE PARTICIPATION, SHE IS VERY DEFINITELY IN THE WAR, AND IN THE WAR ON OUR SIDE.

Both the candidates for the Presidency are declared enemies of Hitler and the Nazi power.

Both recognise that only Britain and the British Fleet stand between the Americas and the ambitions of Hitler.

All parties are agreed on arming the country to the teeth against those ambitions.

And the limits of non-belligerency are being strained to the utmost to give aid to the power which is fighting America's battle as well as our own.

BUT the co-operation between the two great English-speaking commonwealths is assuming a more permanent significance.

The setting up of a joint defence board for the United States and Canada completes the solidarity of the Americas for defence purposes.

It does something even more important.

Through Canada it links up the British Commonwealth with the United States for the protection of the whole American continent against aggression.

In a word, it is a new and powerful guarantee for the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine.

The same community of interest between ourselves and the U.S.A. is implicit in the concession by us to the latter of naval and air bases in the West Indies and Newfoundland.

Nor is this all.

The conversations which have been taking place in Washington between Mr. Cordell Hull, Lord Lothian and the Australian minister are exploring a wider field of co-operation.

It is the extension of the principle of mutual protection from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The reason is obvious. Japan is pursuing as predatory a policy in Asia and the Pacific as Germany is in Europe.

That policy threatens the interests of the United States as much as it does those of Australia, Britain, Holland and France in the Pacific.

ALLY

Joint action cannot be delayed.
And the most influential voices in the
ed States are raised in favour of the
sion of the principle of common naval
from the West Indies to the East Indies
the Pacific.

THING could do more to check Japan's
ruthless aggression in the Far East
than the announcement that both the
sh and American commonwealths were
uard at Singapore.

It would incidentally send a thrill of hope
ugh heroic and devastated China and
h her stricken people to the cause of the
ish-speaking world.

That will be no small influence in shaping
things that are to come when gangsterism
and West is brought to bay.

NOR IS IT TO BE FORGOTTEN THAT THE DEFENCE OF THE FREEDOM OF PACIFIC THE INTERESTS OF RUSSIA IN COMPLETE AGREEMENT WITH OWN AND THOSE OF AMERICA.

She is as much threatened at Vladivostok
e are at Hong-Kong or as America is in
Hawaiian Islands.

Through all these events we see dimly
rging the contours of a new world,
rated for ever from the terrorism of Nazism
the ferocious brigandage of Japan.

It will be a world in which nations all
the earth will enjoy their liberties under
guarantee of the two great democracies
h, acting together, can establish peace
save the soul of the world.

ARGUE IT OUT — BY PALLAS

Treat Your Pence with Respect

WHEN a friend of mine arrived recently at a Northern holiday resort and asked to be driven to a decent hotel, the taximan just laughed.

"You can't get a room in a hotel for love or money," he said.

After much trouble, my friend found a fifth-rate boarding-house, clean but not luxurious.

For the first time in his life he discovered that money that had opened many doors to him could not get him what he wanted.

"You see," he said to me on his return to London, "even money hasn't the power it had.

"There was I with umpteen pounds in my wallet and despairing of getting a shakedown for the night, let alone a hotel bedroom."

In a way, the power of money has become weaker since the war.

The £ does not buy as much.

In some instances, prices are shamefully high.

The other day my wife paid eightpence for a pound of onions; in normal times she could have bought two pounds for three-halfpence.

* * *

Clothes, boots, food, smokes, beer are dearer. Income tax has made alarming inroads on the family's economic resources. Transport, whether by rail, bus or private car, is more costly.

You might think, then, that when the cost of living rises the power of money becomes greater.

The longer your purse the more you can buy.

True enough in peace time, but not now. Laws and restrictions imposed on the nation as a whole bring all of us down, in some respects, to a common level.

Rationing extends to everybody.

Here again it may be argued that the man with money can dine at expensive restaurants.

So he can.

So can the man with little money in his pocket drop into a pub for a beef sandwich or a hunk of bread and cheese.

And I'll wager that the man who washes down the bread and cheese with a glass of bitter feels better for his meal than the man digesting a five-course meal of sauced and seasoned dishes.

Not only is the power of money dwindling as our purses shrink under the savage economic assault of war. There is not so much respect for it as there used to be.

"What is money, after all?" a friend said to me the other day. "People don't care so much for it as they did.

"The war, while increasing financial worries in a way, has also brought a new approach to money, an approach which is not without contempt."

* * *

Contempt for money is rare.

It is a virtue that few people possess.

Yet, in a degree, it is a healthy attribute. To squander money these days, when the State demands of individuals every economy, is a crime.

To tell yourself that money is made to spend; to live up to and beyond your income; to buy unnecessary things; to treat money scornfully, contemptuously—all these are stupid.

Beyond each of our homes, each of our little lives, looms the fabric of the greater war behind guns and aircraft and tanks—the war of economic reserves, resources and supplies.

Money—our money, your money—is playing its part in all parts of the world.

Everywhere the £ sterling is fighting our fight against Hitler.

If its power has shrunk in some ways at home, it remains abroad the basis of our effort against the evil thing we are out to kill.

The £ is our safeguard.

It is symbolic of the mighty resources of our island, and of the vast united Empire.

To-day there should be no contempt for money.

Instead we should treat it with more respect.

For money in terms of a strong, steady currency is going to play a rôle of ever-increasing importance before Freedom comes again to the enslaved peoples of the world.

It is true that we have powerful enemies, but we also have the growing support of many nations, so

MEET OUR FRIENDS

**In the cauldron of war, a brave new
d is being fashioned. On this page,
. Gardiner says that you can already
the contours of the sphere dimly
rging from the fire and the fury.
assures you that it will be a new
d liberated for ever from the terrorism
Nazism and the ferocious brigandage of
n.
In turn, JOHN BULL offers you these
to help you in exploring the mist of
gled events so that you can see for
self that the world is now leagued
inst tyranny.
eet these Friends of Freedom.
ey are rallying in the United States,
e Balkans, in the Near East, in Africa
in Asia.**

A REMARKABLE effort to mobilise support for the "Help Britain" campaign is being made by volunteer workers now dialling every private telephone number in New York City.

**Fifteen hundred women volunteers are
g the telephoning, and the committee
es to persuade most of New York's
residential telephone subscribers—
ey are not already pro-British—of the
ssity of speedy help for the Allies.**

In much the same way, four million American signatures were collected by United States citizens to show their eagerness for the transfer of American warships to Britain's Navy.

One man in five of the British Armed Forces has been armed with American supplies, made available to Britain after the collapse of France.

American women are knitting socks for British fighting men; famous orchestras are giving concerts to help fellow musicians in this country.

The American Red Cross has made available supplies worth £1,000,000 for relief in Britain. Since the beginning of mass air attacks on London, many thousands of pounds have been released to buy clothes and shoes for men and women and to provide mobile canteens.

Cheers for Mr. Churchill in American kinemas are second only to those for President Roosevelt. United States churches have observed a "Britain Sunday," with prayers for the British people. Americans are saying, "We've got to win this war."

* * *

Good will for Britain in South America, already shown by gifts and the pronounced anti-Nazi bias of the two great South American newspapers, *La Nacion* and *La Prensa*, is being further stimulated by the purchase from Britain of goods that these countries formerly bought from Germany.

An important mission, representing the United Kingdom Commercial Corporation, is shortly to set out for the Argentine. Argentine farmers have started a "good luck" scheme for Empire troops.

After the fall of France, Argentine cattle owners asked for gifts of steers for the defenders of Britain.

In a few weeks three hundred and fifty owners had offered steers.

Others offered money.

British railways in Argentina offered a reduced rate for carrying the cattle.

Auctioneers all over the country collaborated in advertising the offer and all the packing houses prepared the meat free of charge. Even the "Good Luck" ticket attached to every quarter of beef sent to the troops of the Empire was printed free.

Everyone co-operated in this gesture of good will to Britain and antipathy to Nazism. It was one of the finest spontaneous efforts from any neutral country.

* * *

Neutral diplomats in London all hope for a British victory.

Rumania, alarmed at the loss of territory and the invasion of the remainder by thousands of Nazi "S.S." men, patiently awaits the opportunity to avenge the indignities she has suffered.

Turkey hopes fervently for an Allied victory.

Forty Turkish students working in Germany were recalled and sent to the United States to complete their studies.

The Turkish Government aims at eliminating every chance of Turkish youths being subject to the influence of Nazi doctrines.

Neutral Portugal, Britain's oldest ally, views with apprehension Axis talks of "sharing out Africa." She has a great Colonial Empire to lose if Hitler wins, and reaffirms her friendship for Britain despite her dangerous geographical position.

* * *

Sweden, surrounded since the fall of Norway and Denmark by hostile neighbours, refuses to yield the right of a democratic community to criticise Nazi tyranny.

Although Hungary has made use of the Axis to satisfy her claims on Rumania, she would much rather that Britain had championed her claims.

Switzerland, bounded by Germany and Italy, retains her free Press. Her people, institutions and newspapers reaffirm their adherence to democratic ideals.

Yugoslavia and Greece know that their only hope of survival as independent nations is an Allied victory.

Independent Arabian rulers—King Ibn Saud, of Saudi Arabia, the Emir of Transjordania, King Yehia, of Yemen, and others—have been generous in gifts of money and goods (especially coffee) to the Allies.

German propaganda in Iraq meets only with jeers.

Iraq became an established Eastern Power with British help. She wants nothing from the Axis.

* * *

And don't forget China's 350,000,000 people, now engaged in a war with the Japanese, who realise to what extent Japanese aims of Asiatic domination are linked with the world domination aims of the Totalitarian States

YES, WE'RE going out to tea,
but
'FAMILY HEALTH'
comes first!
NEW HYGIENIC WRAPPER
JOHN KNIGHT'S
FAMILY HEALTH
TOILET SOAP
90% of infectious illness begins with germs entering nose or throat—and *hands* are chief carriers of infection. Don't let your family run risks—see that they wash before every meal with Family Health Toilet Soap. Let Family Health be your family health-warden.
KH 61-54-62

TO KEEP YOU FIT

in times like these

old friends are best

Take Beechams Pills and banish headaches, digestive upsets and liverishness by keeping your bowels regular—*in nature's own way*. You will keep your body slim, healthy, energetic. You will be cheerfully ready to face all the difficulties of times like these.

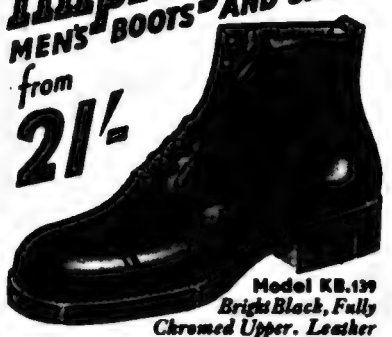
Obtainable everywhere

TAKE **Beechams Pills**

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

NOW MORE THAN EVER BEFORE THE FINEST FOOTWEAR VALUE

Impregnable MEN'S BOOTS AND SHOES from **21/-**



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Bright Black, Fully Chromed Upper. Leather Lining. Double Leather Sole

As sturdy as their name—they will stand up to any job—The Boot that built its enormous sales on VALUE. Look for the Shoe Shop that stocks them and see the "John White" Guarantee tag.

GUARANTEED BY **John White**

(IMPREGNABLE BOOTS) LTD.
HIGHAM FERRERS, NORTHANTS.

THE PHOSPHATES CONTENT IN FRY'S COCOA

Importance of nerve-building elements in modern diet

In peace and war, modern high-speed living frets and jangles the nerves. If the nerves are to stand the strain, they must be nourished. And the substance that feeds and strengthens the nerves is PHOSPHATES. One way of ensuring that your nerves are getting their daily ration of this invaluable substance is to take Fry's Cocoa regularly.

Laboratory tests have shown conclusively that Fry's Cocoa is exceptionally rich in this important nerve-building substance.

In addition, Fry's Cocoa is in itself a valuable food, nourishing and packed with energy. A cup at meal-times and a nightcap before you go to bed will do wonders to strengthen your diet, so that it becomes a first line of defence for your nerves in their battle against war-strain and the always present stress of modern living.

SOME FACTS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

The price of Fry's Cocoa has recently been reduced, but the quality remains unchanged.

You get as much energy from a fivepenny tin of Fry's Cocoa (made in the usual way with milk, sugar and water) as you do from 1¾ lb. of the best steak.

Fry's Cocoa contains Vitamin D—the natural sunshine vitamin from the Cocoa Bean.

FRY'S COCOA

Rich in nerve food

DOWN IN PRICE • NOW 5D. PER ¼LB

C112.1940

Gone with the Cook!

"JOHN BULL'S" TEN-MINUTE STORY

By Will Scott

"I used to be, I should say, about the best cook that ever was . . . I was my husband's cook before I was his wife"

"I AM nobody," said Mrs. Caper, "and I don't claim to be anybody. I got no airs and graces. I don't care what anybody says. You can't hurt my feelings. Just taste that pie."

And into the drawing-room, with her own hands, she brought the pie on the dish.

"Taste it?" said my wife, who didn't quite understand.

"That's right, me dear," said Mrs. Caper. "Matter of fact, I've been having trouble with the cook and I had to tell her to get out."

"I know what it is," said my wife sympathetically.

"Anyway, me dear," said Mrs. Caper, "you go on. Have a cut at it."

So my wife sampled the pie.

"Well?" said Mrs. Caper.

"Dreadful!" was my wife's verdict.

"Not good, is it?" said Mrs. Caper.

"It is *not*."

"Lousy," Mrs. Caper nodded. "I know it's lousy."

"I'm not surprised," said my wife, "that you've been having trouble with the cook."

"Bless your heart, me dear," said Mrs. Caper, "the cook didn't make that pie. I made it."

My wife blushed, and I'm afraid I did, too.

"But don't look so put out," Mrs. Caper went on. "I wanted your honest opinion. Now I got it. I think the pie's lousy. You think the pie's lousy. So it must be. Mind, partly I think it's not being able to get enough cooking fats through this war. Partly it must be. But . . ."

She put down the pie on the piano and looked at us keenly.

"I'll tell you something," she said gravely. "*I* used to be a cook."

"Really?" said I. (Not that I cared.)

"I used to be, I should say, about the best cook that ever was. I don't want to boast, but I was *it*. Well, I'll tell you something. I was my husband's cook before I was his wife. And I was so good a cook that he ran off with me and left the happy home. He could do without most things, he told me, but he couldn't do without my cooking."

"REALLY!" said I.

"And *was* there a rumpus in the old village when my husband disgraced the family by running off with the cook! Oh, my word! Not that it ever did us any harm. We never went back to the village to listen to it. But I'm just telling you, so's you'll understand. I must have been about Cook No. 1."

"Quite," said I.

I suppose I ought to explain about the Capers. We didn't know them very well. Indeed, we scarcely knew them at all. You see, we hadn't been living in the village more than four or five weeks.

But I'd nodded to Mr. Caper once or twice in the village street; I'd admired his garden over his front fence, and he'd admired my garden over my front fence (especially my roses), and one thing led to another in a quiet way.

The Capers seemed to be pretty well off—better off by far than anybody else in the village—and I suppose I was a bit flattered when he suggested one day that my wife and I might pop round one evening. He didn't say which evening. It was a trifle vague, but at any rate it opened the door.

A quiet old buffer, Caper. And although we knew nothing about them it was fairly obvious that Mrs. Caper, for all her fur coats and diamond rings and pearl necklaces, was not, as they say, in the same *rue* as her husband.

She used to wave cheerily as she passed us in the street, and shout "'Ow are you?" We had heard that before the war she used to be great guns at opening bazaars and starting committees. Uncharitably it had been hinted that she had been a barmaid years ago, or in the back row of the chorus of a No. 3 company, but it seemed that if you wanted a cheque for some cause you'd got going it was to Mrs. Caper you went first.

And you got it.

She gave prizes for the local sports.

They were always bigger prizes than anybody else gave, even if they did *glitter* a bit.

SHE was *loud*, of course.

She'd got, as perhaps she herself might have put it, *the stuff;* and where was the sense in kidding people you hadn't when you had. Cut a dash; you're only young once.

Money was made to spend. Spend it. And spend it she did. And although she wasn't young any more she certainly cut a dash.

Diamonds jangling, we used to see her dashing along down the village street at the top of her voice, as it were, with Mr. Caper himself keeping discreetly in the background. And that was pretty well all we knew about them.

We didn't see them together a lot. And we didn't know their story. Otherwise, we might have been tempted to suggest that now Mr. Caper was ashamed of having, long years ago, run off with his cook.

You know how you put two and two together and get a dozen when you don't know all.

Well, there you are. That's as far as we'd got. Good-morning in the street. Admiration of my garden, particularly the roses. Admiration of his garden. Vague invitation to pop round one evening unspecified.

And one evening my wife thought it was about time.

"He'll think it rude if we don't," she said.

"He may think it rude if we do," said I. "He didn't say to-night."

"He didn't say *not*," countered my wife.

(You know what women are.)

"I tell you what," said I. "Why not telephone them and ask them to come round here? Then we shall get a definite return date."

"There is nothing," said my wife, rather cuttingly I thought, "that a woman with pearls and diamonds would want to see in this house. Whereas I have no doubt that she would *like* me to see all she's got in hers. And *I'd* like to."

Well, if *you* argue with a woman you must have twenty-eight hours in your day and no business to follow. So I had to agree.

"Listen," said my wife. "You say he admired your roses."

"That's right," said I.

"And they *are* better roses than his?"

"Oh, much," said I.

"Well, then," said my wife, "pick a bunch of your very finest blooms and we'll take them round and you can say you thought he'd like to have them."

"It sounds like an excuse," said I.

"It *is* an excuse," said my wife. "Isn't that what we're wanting?"

So I just gave it up, and while she got ready to offset the diamonds and the pearls to the best of her ability I went down the garden and hacked a couple of dozen of the best blooms off my rose bushes.

And so armed, a quarter of an hour later we set off for the Hall, as it had been renamed by Mrs. Caper.

Where we now were, with my wife and I in enormous easy chairs, Mrs. Caper on a gold divan and the pie on the piano.

"I always say," said Mrs. Caper, "that if you got the stuff it's up to you to sit back and have the fun."

"Of course," my wife agreed.

"Besides, if you don't, ain't you—I mean aren't you—keeping somebody else out of a job?"

"Naturally," my wife agreed.

"WELL, that's not my nature," said Mrs. Caper. "Live an' let live's always been my motto. Give as many jobs to as many people as you can *if* you can. That's why we always had three gardeners here. Didn't want more than one. But we had three."

She looked at me. She seemed to think that was my department.

"I see," said I, since it seemed I had to say something.

"But it don't mean," proceeded Mrs. Caper, "that just because I'm rich my brains has set. No, sir! No, madam! I've always reckoned I knew my stuff."

"I see," said I once more, since she was still looking at me.

"I reckoned," she said, "that once you've been champion pie-slinger of a village you couldn't very well go rusty."

"No," said I.

"That's all you know!" said she.

And I retired into my shell, crushed.

"I always said that no cook could do the saucy on me," Mrs. Caper went on. "I know it from A to Z, even if it is twenty years since I left off. And any cook who tried the saucy on me saw the door *and* quick. I could always look after that department."

"AND the cooks you get nowadays are no good," said my wife.

"She was all right as a cook," Mrs. Caper informed us. "It was her impudence. I wasn't having that. Pack!' said I. And she packed! And I never turned a hair. Into the kitchen I went and took the job over until we could get anbther cook."

She wheezed over and plucked the pie off the piano and stared at it.

"Look at it!" she said. 'I ask you!"

Then she sighed.

"Partly it *must* be the stuff we're getting now, owing to war time. Wouldn't you think?"

"I should certainly think so," my wife answered.

"But not altogether," confessed Mrs. Caper. 'Not altogether. I suppose, after twenty years, you do sort of lose a bit of your gift, like. What?"

She chucked the thing back on the piano and glared at it.

"I'd be ashamed," she said, "to poison my worst enemy with a pie like that!"

All of which, though possibly interesting to women, was enormously boring to me. I coughed and held the roses out.

"Startin' a cold?" asked Mrs. Caper.

"Oh, no," said I. "It's—er—these roses."

"'Ow?" said Mrs. Caper.

"Brought them round for Mr. Caper. Know he's interested. If he's in."

"In," said Mrs. Caper. "He's gorn."

"Gone?" said I.

"Run orf with the cook," said Mrs. Caper. 'Ain't that what I'm trying to tell you?"

You can rely on 'DIGGER'

If you enjoy a 'full-bodied' tobacco you can be certain of much enjoyment from 'Digger.' And in these trying times you can also be assured that the fine quality and character which have made 'Digger' so popular remain unimpaired.

1/3½ PER OZ.

FLAKE·SHAG·MIXTURE·HONEYDEW·PLUG

PLAYER'S DIGGER TOBACCOS

THE EMPIRE TOBACCO WITH THE LARGEST SALE

P.D.52

INVISIBLE 'HALO' AND 'TANGO' NETS

ASK FOR 'HALO' AND 'TANGO' BY BRAND NAME

and be sure you get them

MINISTRY OF FOOD

THE WEEK'S FOOD FACTS No 10

Turn on your wireless at 8.15 every morning to hear useful hints and recipes

HERE is some advice from the Scientific Adviser to the Ministry of Food.

"Today we are all in the front line. Today we have all got to be fighting fit. Nothing helps more than the right food. The protective foods listed below will maintain our efficiency and keep us mentally alert. If we eat more of these foods our resistance to strain and fatigue will be stronger too."

ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

CHIEF PROTECTIVE FOODS

Milk	Potatoes
Butter or Margarine	Green Vegetables (fresh or canned but not dried)
Cheese	Salads
Eggs	Fruit (fresh or canned but not dried)
Herrings (fresh, canned or salt)	Carrots
Salmon (fresh or canned)	Tomatoes
Liver	Wholemeal Bread

SOUP FOR AIR-RAIDS

Try to make soup every day so that you always have some ready to heat up. A hot drink works wonders at a time of shock or strain. Nothing could be better than hot vegetable soup as this is nourishing as well as soothing. Prepare and cut up 2 or 3 carrots, 2 onions, ½ small swede and if possible 2 or 3 sticks of celery. Make 1 oz. dripping very hot in your saucepan. Put in the vegetables and cook for a few minutes. Season with salt and pepper. Add 2 pints hot water and bring to the boil. Put in 2 ozs. rice or pearl barley, cover, and simmer for 2 hours. More water may be added if necessary. A little chopped parsley just before serving is a pleasant addition.

SCALLOPED POTATOES

Potatoes are very warming and invigorating. Serve them often, and for a change try using them this way. Scrub 2 lbs. potatoes and cut them into thick slices. Peel and slice ½ lb. onions. Mix together 1 heaped tablespoonful flour, 1 teaspoonful salt and pepper to taste. Grease a pie-dish. Put in alternate layers of potatoes and onions, sprinkling each layer with the seasoned flour. The top layer should be of potatoes. Pour in 3 teacupfuls hot milk and bake for about 1 hour in a moderate oven. This makes enough for 4 or 5 people.

NATIONAL MILK SCHEME.

Apply now to the Milk Officer at your local Food Office if you wish to take advantage over the next three months of the Government Cheap Milk Scheme for expectant and nursing mothers, and children under five.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1

TO AVOID FLATULENCE

AND PAIN AFTER MEALS

You get burning pain and distressing wind after meals because your stomach is always too acid. Food can't digest and your stomach is tortured in the attempt. Why endure this mealtime misery? 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will stop it this very day. They relieve acidity and sweeten a sour stomach at once. The stomach starts digesting your food right away and finishes its work with perfect ease. You feel nothing—no heartburn, no flatulence, not a twinge of your old stomach pain. If you suffer from acute gastric attacks, 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets will stop them in five minutes. Try them today! Neat flat boxes for the pocket, 6d. and 1/-. Also family sizes, 2/- and 3/6. Obtainable everywhere.

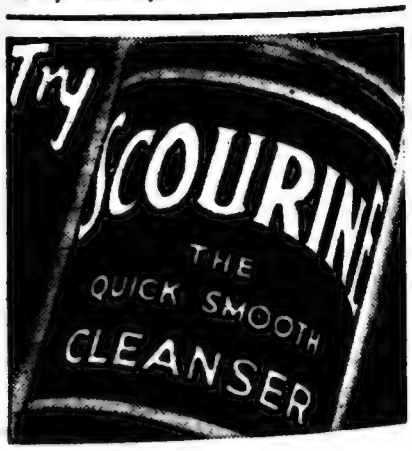
'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

THE PICK OF THE CROP!
Batchelor's Peas
are highly nourishing and very sustaining
Try also Fruit Salad, Sliced Beetroots, Diced Carrots, etc.
Batchelor's Peas Ltd. Sheffield

WHY CHILDREN ARE FRETFUL

Just think how harmful it is for a child to carry about a lot of poisonous waste-matter in his bowels! No wonder children sometimes are "little devils" for no apparent reason! The safest way to give your child a thorough internal cleansing is 'California Syrup of Figs'. It sets up a natural movement that carries away all the clogging, hard waste-matter and leaves the little inside sweetened and clean.

A dose of delicious 'California Syrup of Figs' once a week keeps kiddies regular, happy and well. Get a bottle to-day, but be sure to ask for 'California' Syrup of Figs' brand. Obtainable everywhere at 1/3 and 2/6.



Get some from WOOLWORTH'S or from any grocer or stores

Voice of The People

STILL BAKING BREAD AMONG THE RUINS OF HER HOME : SHOOTING MEN MAY NOT HAVE HEARD ABOUT THE WAR : PRIZE CABBAGES GO TO THE SHEEP : WHEN LORD HAW-HAW TOLD THE TRUTH

WAR or no war, the cycle of life still goes on. Babies continue to arrive at all hours of the night and day.

The country midwife has to go out on her wonderful mission whether the German aircraft are over or not.

Friendly faces of policemen, wardens, doctors and others beam at her from under their tin hats—but there is no tin hat for her.

Do something about it, JOHN BULL. In serving motherhood, she serves the State.—The Father of One, Hengoed, Glamorgan.

We couldn't plead more eloquently than that.

I WAS surprised at your publishing a reader's view that a "genuine conscientious objector would refuse to accept a war bonus."

War bonuses are not war profits, but merely wage adjustments to offset the increased cost of war.

Surely the disbeliever in any policy is not expected to sacrifice more than its devotee.—Mr. T. Jackson, Westwick Road, Sheffield, 8.

"John Bull" refuses to suppress or censor readers' honestly-held views, providing they are interesting enough and we have the space.

ON duty in a working-class district of this town, I was amazed to see an old woman working amid the ruins of a house.

She was baking bread. In reply to my questions, she said, quite casually: *"Since my home went, I have gone to live with my daughter, but as I understand my own oven best, I came here to bake."*—Police Constable from a city in the Midlands.

THERE must be a large number of young men in the same difficulty as four members of my church.

Of military age, and registered for military service, they have been pronounced unfit because of minor deficiencies.

Looking thoroughly healthy, they feel their position keenly.

Ought not they to be given a distinctive badge, so that their being in "Civvies" at this moment shouldn't be misunderstood.—The Rev. R. C. Mace, Cullen House, Regent Street, Stoke-on-Trent.

Under the present system, the civilian is a soldier waiting his call. Lads in "Civvy" suits have shown supreme courage in London's East End recently. No need for them to "feel their position keenly."

QUARTERED in a remote part of the country, many miles from a post office, my soldier husband often sends me a letter without a stamp on it rather than keep me without news.

Each time I have to pay 5d. surcharge.

Surely it should be possible to distinguish letters from Service men in such out-of-the-way places, so that their relatives can at least get the letter on payment of the fair rate—2½d.—Mrs. A. M. F., Julia Gardens, Ripple Road, Barking, Essex.

GOVERNMENT'S permanent training centres all over the country give pupils wood and metal to make quite useless things.

Surely the articles they make should be useful to the national effort, yet needn't be made to close precision limits?

Men learn all the better if they know that what they are making is of some use.—George Currie, Judge Street, Watford, Herts.

MY two sons, evacuated to the Yorkshire moors, produced dozens of empty cartridge cases when I visited them.

Made of brass and cardboard—two valuable commodities in this war—these cases had been thrown away by "sportsmen" when pheasant shooting.

When I told the lads how important it was to salvage them, they went out to collect enough to fill our win-the-war salvage sack and a suitcase as well.

To think I save every tiny scrap of paper for victory!—Mrs. G. Jackson, Thornton Street, North Ormesby, Middlesbrough.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2s. 6d. is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "slip" is submitted by more than one person that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

HUDDERSFIELD DAILY EXAMINER:—"The Maharajah has accorded a special dispensation to Gurkhas serving in the Indian Army, strict Hindus, to enable them to cross the seas to fight for Britain without losing CASTLE."

WAR WEEKLY:—"He has had to exercise extreme care to avoid the SCOT'S stern being blown away."

BIRMINGHAM MAIL:—"Enemy planes were over the Midlands and South-East, South-West, North-East and Welsh COATS."

CAMBRIDGE DAILY NEWS:—"A CREAMING bomb fell in open country not far from a hospital."

BATH AND WILTS CHRONICLE AND HERALD: "The winning LAYERS at a whist drive were . . ."

EDINBURGH EVENING NEWS: "Carol is the SONG of King Ferdinand."

BRISTOL EVENING POST: "Traffic on the main London LINEN was held up for several hours.'

EASTERN EVENING NEWS: "A reporter saw brilliant STEAKS across the night sky."

EXPRESS AND STAR: ". . . enlisted in the Royal Engineers as a SUPPER."

DAVENTRY EXPRESS: "At the previous HERRING, the complainant . . . summoned her stepson."

NORTH WESTERN DAILY MAIL: "About 100 bombs were dropped in a WEDDING-class district."

WEST LANCASHIRE EVENING GAZETTE: "The police were informed and they apprehended and CHARMED him."

SWEDISH athletes are introducing hand-grenade throwing at their sports meetings.

Competitions are being arranged by various clubs; precision records are registered.

We might well take it up in this country—with a bust of Hitler as the target.—Lance-Corporal J. Perry, Belle Vue Road, Exmouth.

Continental troops never could throw hand-grenades. Generations of cricket-playing taught Britons the art. American troops in France "last time" matched us because of their baseball training, but didn't beat us.

LISTEN to a woman doing war work on a farm. Because cabbages are so plentiful, sheep have been turned on to a field of excellent cabbages—the best variety, not cow cabbages.

My husband, a soldier, would have liked just one of them added to his otherwise excellent Army diet.

Another point. Women workers are now on short time because the cabbages don't need picking!—Mrs. S. P. W., Suffolk.

ENCLOSED is the envelope of a letter posted last week to show that Portsmouth Post Office will never have its ardour damped by Goering or his *Luftwaffe*.—V. M. Green, Denmead, Portsmouth.

Stamp on the envelope is cancelled by the words "Portsmouth and Southsea for health and pleasure."

A TIP to avoid the use of a torch in going from your house to the garden shelter: tie a tape from the back-door to the shelter entrance.

A knot tied every yard assists in letting you know where you are.—B. M., Charlotte Square, Edinburgh.

This system is used in London dockyards to enable dock-workers to reach their jobs during thick fog.

YOU hear many lies about what Haw-Haw is supposed to have said, but I heard this for myself.

In his drawly, half-asleep manner he announced: **"It is known that severe losses were inflicted on the German Air Force in these attacks."**

He spoke quickly for once, as he spluttered out the explanation: "What I meant was by the German Air Force."—H. Baldwin, Warwick Court, Beaconsfield, Bucks.

Cash Prizes

★ *This is YOUR feature—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views.*

We pay 10s. 6d. *for each letter published.*

The address is: "*Voice of the People,*" 93, *Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

U.S. Building Ring of Gibraltars

BASES in Britain's West Indies for United States warships will help to soothe America's fears for the Panama Canal.

The Canal saves her ships a 13,000-mile trip round Cape Horn, at the southern end of the American continent; it means that one Navy (a second is now building) can guard two oceans.

A battleship can pass through it from ocean to ocean in eight hours; the bulk of the Navy in forty-eight hours.

Yet a well-placed bomb might endanger the Canal, cut off United States warships in the Atlantic from the Pacific.

If French and Dutch possessions fell into German hands, they would provide bases for mass attacks by sea and air on the Canal.

America's acquisition of bases from Britain is her answer.

* * *

Long before the war the United States was feverishly creating Canal zone defences.

Naval Estimates allowed £5,000,000 for extra protection; nearly £4,000,000 for extra locks.

Permanent military garrison of 15,000 has been doubled.

Huge guns, bristling from forts buried at key points, are being reinforced by others hidden in thick jungle.

Air fields ring the Canal zone.

Entrances have been mined. Huge spare lock gates, weighing 2,200 tons, are ready to replace bomb-damaged gates at an hour's notice.

Machinery operating the locks is underground, protected by concrete, and duplicated.

Should the hydro-electric power plant be smashed, steam power can be used, or emergency Diesel engines. If all go, the locks could even be worked by hand power.

* * *

Because Washington believes in protecting the Canal far out in the Atlantic, it has been decided to spend £7,000,000 on a vast new base on Puerto Rico island. This "initial expenditure" provides for naval, air and military "towns." They will be finished this year.

From here, flying boats will patrol far out into the Atlantic, looking for enemy battleships or aircraft carriers, and summon "flying fortresses" from Puerto Rico.

"When Puerto Rico is finished no foe will dare attack the Americas," said the Chief-of-Staff of the U.S.A. Army.

It has been called an American Gibraltar.

New bases will provide a series of these Gibraltars, ringed round the Canal.

Enemy bombers flown from carriers in the Atlantic (most likely form of attack, experts think) would be met by fighters from the bases while far from their target. Few, if any, would get through.

Submarines, also based there, would attack warships.

Meantime there is a comb-out of Fifth Columnists and saboteurs in cosmopolitan Panama and Balboa. All foreigners employed in the zone have been dismissed

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Please send me free sample and full particulars of "Stormax" and details of nearest stockists.

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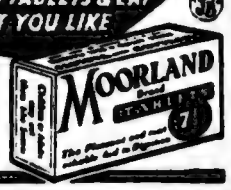

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Innumerable sufferers from Bad Legs, Eczema, Skin Irritation and other Skin Disorders having obtained immediate relief and eventually been cured by using HEALO Ointment have gratefully sent us Testimonials. Here is a typical one from Ware, Herts: "*I am pleased to inform you that the Healo you sent has done my ulcerated leg more good than all other kinds I have tried, and gave me immediate relief.*"

F . . . C . . .

HEALO Brand Ointment is sold in 1/3 and 3/- tins from all Chemists or post free from Cuxson, Gerrard and Co., Ltd., Oldbury.

HEALO OINTMENT

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YOU can keep girlish assurance in your step and youth in your eyes. You can enjoy radiant health, have a slim figure and look years younger than you really are if you follow her lead and take Bile Beans nightly.

In these fine vegetable pills the secret of youthful vitality is within reach of all women. Not only do Bile Beans purify the blood, tone up the system and improve your health but they keep your figure attractively slim.

So if you want to look your best and keep your health equal to any demand just remember to take Bile Beans regularly.

"When friends ask me what I take to keep so slim and well I tell them just Bile Beans every night. My health is now splendid and I can walk miles without fatigue."—Mrs. E. H., Manchester.

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10 Drops of Phosferine will start the famous tonic action

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Depression	Neuralgia	Sciatica
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"Every Picture tells a Story"

BACKACHE

a symptom of Sluggish Kidneys

DO you wake up tired, nervy and depressed—back aching, limbs, muscles and joints stiff and sore? Is the urine disordered and bladder action painful?

These are the common symptoms of sluggish kidney action—troubles which suggest that tissue wastes and acids from your food are remaining in the blood instead of being filtered away by healthy kidneys.

Don't wait! Let Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills make you fit again. This world-famed diuretic strengthens and invigorates the kidneys and overcomes chronic backache, urinary and bladder troubles, rheumatism, lumbago and renal dropsy.

1/3, 3/-, 5/-. Ask your Chemist for

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

HUMANIST, solving this week's most human problems, helps the girl who finds that she is day-dreaming her way through life, and advises people troubled with stammering

In a World of HER OWN

IT is not always easy to concentrate. There are so many distractions to divert your attention. A loud-speaker bellowing at full strength from an open window across the street, a young musician practising scales in the flat above, the drone of aircraft approaching, the wailing of sirens.

You can't escape them.

But some people cannot concentrate even when there are no external interruptions.

Their troubles spring from within.

"When I try to read," writes a woman, "I get through only two or three lines when I have to go back and begin again. Sometimes this happens half a dozen times.

"It is such a waste of time and mental energy.

"Is it because my mother used to tell me to count a certain number of figures? She said a little bird would tell her if I failed."

I don't think she can blame her mother.

Trouble is that her mind won't remain on the job.

Some force must be causing these distractions, and it may be working unconsciously. Probably she lives in a world of fantasy.

Maybe secret daydreams dominate her thoughts.

Her make-believe self is always destroying her power of concentration.

Secret daydreams dominate her thoughts, and her make-believe self is always destroying her powers of concentration

If she can rid her mind of fantastic ideals, the difficulty will largely disappear.

But she has another problem.

"I am unemotional," she says, "I enjoy moderate pleasures, yet I have never been able to convey to my associates that I am really enjoying myself.

"I can smile, but I am afraid it is a smile with dignity.

"My friends, married and single, can laugh and make more noise than I can. Yet they are not vulgar.

"I feel rather desperate because these problems, which may seem trivial to you, are keeping me down. I must ask your advice."

My impression is that the girl is not unemotional, but she keeps herself bottled-up. She won't let herself go. She cannot laugh without restraint, and even her smile is held back by that "dignity."

She will not be her real self.

The real self is locked away while her imaginary self is fighting for possession all the time.

Unless she can send her daydreams packing, she will always suffer from these troubles.

I have given her the address of the Psychological Aid Society.

She will get expert advice for a modest fee.

SEVERAL readers have asked me to say something about speech impediments. People who stammer need the greatest sympathy, but they often meet with nothing except ridicule.

"People who make jokes about stuttering," writes a man, "should try to conceive the mental agony and embarrassment they create. They would then suppress that 'witty' remark or 'clever' impersonation.

"Don't you think the stutterer has troubles enough without this cruel fun at his expense?

"Think what a handicap it is in daily life!

"It means the minimum number of friends, keeping out of conversations, and lessens the chances of becoming acquainted with the other sex.

"In business it is a tremendous setback, and limits the choice of a career.

"In spite of this, you will find that stutterers are among the cheeriest people alive.

"When you meet a stutterer, do not try to monopolise the conversation.

"Don't laugh if he has difficulty in speaking.

"Don't stare at him or pucker up your brow.

"Don't try to help him out with his words.

"If there is an unusually long pause talk casually about something else."

Although women do not suffer from these impediments as badly as men, I have received a pathetic letter from a girl.

"I try to make the best of things," she says, "but it is hard work. Life is far from easy. And the impediment in my speech makes me very self-conscious.

"Please don't think I am a grumbler.

"This trouble makes me shy and awkward in company, and much as I enjoy being with other people, I often feel I should be better alone.

"All the things I dreamed about when a child must remain dreams. A career, a husband and children of my own seem impossible now.

"As I am in my late twenties, the thoughts of the future depress me sometimes, but I must be grateful for my good health."

JUST before the war, I knew a man who helped to cure a great many people of these defects of speech. His results were remarkably good, but, unfortunately, like so many others, he had to close down.

Several authorities on the subject regard the problem as physical, a matter of breath control and relaxed muscles.

Others approach it from the opposite side, the control of thoughts and emotions.

The most successful teachers combine the two.

Stammerers lose their impediment altogether when they sing, and it is reduced when the words are rhythmical, as in reading verse.

Because children often lose a stammer completely when they are speaking for a puppet on the hand, it seems that the trouble is curable.

I should like to hear from persons who have been cured of these troubles, and, if there is any useful advice likely to assist other victims, I shall pass it on.

The greatest orator of all time, the Greek Demosthenes, stammered as a youth. He conquered his weakness; with a little sympathy and encouragement a great many others may do the same.

THE ARMY'S HOUSEKEEPERS

BILLETING Britain's vast Army will be an "immense problem" in the next few weeks, said Mr. Eden, when discussing the first year of war.

And he did not overstate the difficulties.

Never before has such a job faced the Quartermaster-General's staff, now busiest of War Office departments.

They are "Housekeepers to the Army," responsible for housing, feeding, transporting, clothing and equipping an Army stronger than any stationed in Britain before.

* * *

Three million men may be under arms by the winter.

Existing barracks may take 250,000 or 350,000 of them. A hut-building scheme started in the Spring should house 500,000 men in "hut-towns" costing £60,000,000.

Huts and barracks should therefore accommodate 850,000 men — leaving more than 2,000,000 to be housed elsewhere.

For months, billeting officers have conducted a nation-wide survey of empty buildings and private residences suitable for converting into "permanent" winter quarters.

Hundreds of concert halls, cinemas, schools, hotels, blocks of flats and public buildings have been prepared. Hundreds more will be needed.

Catering is another problem.

Troops billeted in large buildings will be served by Army cooks on the premises.

Those stationed in empty private houses and small buildings will go to a near-by dining hall for their meals.

* * *

Hundreds of thousands of men will be billeted in private houses.

When householders provide meals, billeting prices will be tenpence a night for the first, eightpence for each additional man; ninepence for each breakfast, 1s. 2d. for dinner, threepence for tea, fivepence for supper.

Lowest prices are twopence a night a man for unfurnished accommodation in occupied houses, one penny a night in unoccupied houses, when no meals or cooking facilities are provided.

* * *

"Housekeeping" for Britain's Army will be astronomical.

Food for the small peacetime army cost about £8,000,000 a year.

Militia men doubled that figure.

To-day it is multiplied many times.

Greatest "snag" in billeting is that troops *must* be stationed at strategic points, often in lonely country.

Otherwise, the job would be easy. Thousands of coastal houses are vacant, and, as an authority said, "suitable premises could be found within half-a-mile of Piccadilly to quarter 500,000 men. But we don't want them there."

THE GREATEST OF THESE

OF Britain's Forgotten Men, the distressed veterans of the last war now needing your help, Mr. N. Almond, of Darwen, Lancashire, is among the most deserving.

After serving in France throughout the last war, he spent the first few years of peace battling with ill-health. He was unable to work.

At last he found a job, but was not allowed to toil for long. He fell victim to pulmonary tuberculosis, and the small grant he now receives from the Unemployment Assistance Board does not enable him to buy the nourishing food prescribed by his doctor and maintain a delicate wife and three children.

Alice, the daughter whose photograph appears here, is old enough to realise her father's plight; too young yet to help him struggle with the increased cost of living and arrears of rent. Surely you can do that.

Donations, earmarked "Alice," should be sent to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. There are no deductions for administration expenses. Every penny sent is devoted to the fund. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Guineas for Readers

Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbagful of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page—without your name of course.

It's every girl's duty to smile . .

To-day a real Odol smile means more than ever before. It's your duty to preserve it. Run no risks with tooth-pastes which use abrasives to secure whiteness. They wear away the thin enamel coating which prevents decay. Test your tooth-paste to-night. Grind a little between your front teeth. If there's the least trace of grittiness, change to Odol. All Dentists know Odol is absolutely safe, yet it makes and keeps your teeth like pearls.

Next time please send me Odol Solid Dentifrice. We're always on the move and it's easy to pack. — Extract from a Soldier's letter.

Keep the winning

Odol

Smile!

Tooth-paste 6d. and 1/- Solid Dentifrice - 6d.

MEN OF COOL COURAGE

FIND BONDMAN THE *COOLEST* SMOKE OF ALL

There isn't much opportunity for these ever vigilant men to take it easy. But when they do get time for a smoke they make certain that their tobacco will give every satisfaction. No wonder they insist on the Fresh Fragrance of Bondman. You try it too!

LLOYDS'

Bondman

TOBACCO

THIS TIN IS VALUABLE
When you buy your Bondman kindly transfer the tobacco to your pouch and hand back the empty tin to the tobacconist. It will be hygienically cleaned and used again to provide you with the enjoyment of vacuum-sealed tobacco.

4¼ oz. VACUUM TINS
RICH DARK VIRGINIA 2/7 per oz
EMPIRE BLEND . . 2/3½ per oz

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co. Ltd.), Bondman Corner, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1

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RELIEVED IN 30 SECONDS!

Tens of thousands of one-time chronic sufferers from Asthma (day or night) have proved conclusively the power of a single Do-Do Tablet to cut short a choking paroxysm, frustrate an impending attack, and restore easy, natural breathing.

Do-Do (Brand) Asthma Tablets have the power to end a violent coughing spasm in 30 seconds because of the marvellous speed with which the tablet breaks up and releases the precious medicaments of which Do-Do is composed—medicaments which are found in no other single Asthma remedy, at any price.

The amazing economy of Do-Do can only be fully appreciated by keeping it in mind that ONE Do-Do is a dose; and that typical chronic sufferers are able to keep themselves absolutely free from attacks with ONE Do-Do tablet a day. Some now require only an occasional dose at long intervals, or even none at all! Do-Do (Brand) Asthma Tablets are sold by Qualified Chemists everywhere—still at pre-war prices. 7 Full Doses 1s.; 30 Tablets 3s.; 120 Tablets 10s. 6d. Get a shilling packet to-day, or use this Coupon for a Free Test Supply!

Dō-Dō (Brand) **ASTHMA TABLETS**

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Healing Touch of Germolene

Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT

BANISHES

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Painful ulcers that have defied years of treatment yield to the healing touch of **Germolene**. Here is just one report from a host of men and women grateful to Germolene skin healing magic.

Mrs. P. B. says "*I was forced to give up work owing to very bad ulcerated leg. I had five ulcers and could not put my foot to the floor. Germolene succeeded in drying the ulcers up. I cannot praise it enough.*"

How quickly **Germolene** heals your broken skin and cleanses that nasty place clean! How swiftly all skin troubles disappear under the soothing touch of Germolene! Prove this yourself under this

GERMOLENE HEALS
ECZEMA
BAD LEG
PIMPLES
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ABSCESSES
ULCERS
ACNE
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GREAT HEALING OFFER

You can prove the amazing healing power of **Germolene** without risking a penny. Get a 1/3 tin and use all the contents. If not satisfied return the empty carton to Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester. Your money will be refunded in full.

Sold Everywhere 6d., 1/3, 3/-, & 12/- Per Tin

Black Currant Cough Mixture

Brings amazing results for stubborn coughs and colds.

Here's a real old-fashioned remedy for Coughs, Colds and Influenza which brings better results than anything you ever tried.

First take 3 or 4 teaspoonfuls of Black Currant Jam. Any jam will do, but Black Currant is best. Mix it with half a pint of hot (not boiling) water and strain it through muslin or a fine mesh strainer.

Allow to cool, add 1 ounce of Parmint (Double Strength), which you can get from any chemist. Parmint is a concentrated essence of 10 medicinal ingredients and the whole makes a pleasant tasting mixture which brings immediate results from the most stubborn coughs and colds, and is particularly good for children. Dosage: Adults, 1 tablespoonful; children, 8-12 years, 1 dessertspoonful; 4-8 years, 1 teaspoonful —each 4 times a day.

Cut out this recipe to remind you of the dosage and the simple method of preparation.

Walk on Iodine & End

COLD FEET

— forerunner of Chilblains

Coughs, Colds and Rheumatism

Thousands of people going about with Cold Feet today will be in bed tomorrow. That's the danger. When feet are numb, your vitality is low. That's when germs strike — coughs, colds, 'flu and worse. Take care of yourself.

Sitting, standing, dusk or dawn, you can have toasty warm feet. Put Simpson Iodine Socks in your shoes and know what foot-joy really is—in 3 minutes! Your shoes fill with Iodine vapour: your pores absorb it: your circulation is whipped up: your instep is a-tingle, with a lovely dry warmth—not a "sweaty" heat. Comfort in action, protection at rest. Send a pair to your fighting boy. He needs them.

Be sure to get genuine Simpson brand Socks. Price 1/3 from chemists. If difficulty, post free on receipt of price from J. W. Simpson (Chemist) Ltd. (Dept. X1) Bartletts Passage, Fetter Lane, E.C.4.

It's EASY!!

to be FREE from STOMACH PAIN

It's EASY to be FREE from Indigestion. Immediately you begin to take **MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder**, you bring the horrid, burning acid under control. Buoyant health and spirits return, your digestion is toned, your system cleansed and your stomach set to rights. Instead of pain there is PEACE.

YOU *can get relief from*

INDIGESTION
FLATULENCE
HEARTBURN
BILIOUSNESS
STOMACH PAIN
ACIDITY

Instead of acidity, flatulence, heartburn—SWEET, CLEAN DIGESTION. Instead of nausea at the sight of food—HEARTY APPETITE. Instead of the fear of complications, ulcer, operation—CONFIDENCE of continued stomach health!

AND NOW

Here's YOUR chance

Get a 1/3 bottle of **MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder** TO-DAY. If you are not completely satisfied with the results, return the empty carton to Maclean Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford, and the money you paid will be refunded in full. But remember, **MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder** is only genuine when the signature 'Alex C. Maclean' appears on bottle, carton or tin.

Alex C. Maclean

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MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Tablets In Handy Pocket Tins 6d. In Bottles 1/3 and 2/-

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NOW OBTAINABLE FOR ONLY 1/3

THE GUARANTEED REMEDY for

RHEUMATISM
BACKACHE
SWOLLEN ANKLES
KIDNEY TROUBLES

Dr. H. Grundy

"It is my opinion that Cystex is worthy of high commendation. The unhealthy retention of poisonous toxins often leads to severe aches, stiffness and swellings in the joints. Cystex overcomes the cause of these conditions as well as neutralising excess acidity. When people fully appreciate the importance of normal, properly functioning kidneys and the simple, safe and prompt relief at their disposal in Cystex, much needless suffering will be alleviated"

Cystex will end all trouble due to faulty kidney action. If you suffer from Aching, Swollen Joints and Limbs, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Puffy Ankles, Disturbed Nights, Dizziness, Nervousness, Circles under Eyes, Burning, Rising, Smarting, Loss of Energy and Appetite, frequent Headaches and Colds, try Cystex.

CYSTEX HELPS NATURE 3 WAYS

Cystex works in 3 ways to end your troubles:— (1) Starts killing the germs which are attacking your Kidneys, Bladder and urinary system in 2 hours, yet is absolutely harmless to human tissue. (2) Gets rid of health destroying, deadly poisonous acids. (3) Strengthens and reinvigorates kidneys, protects you from the ravages of disease-attack and stimulates entire system.

GUARANTEED to PUT YOU RIGHT or MONEY BACK

Cystex is guaranteed to end your troubles or money back. Act now! From Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, and all Chemists. price 1/3, 3/- and 6/-.

Cystex *for* KIDNEYS BLADDER RHEUMATISM

The *GUARANTEED* Remedy

Knox Laboratories Ltd., 65 Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1

15 ROUNDS OF HELL

Tom Gibbons is rarely mentioned among the Giants of the Ring, yet this quietly spoken, clean-fighting heavyweight deserves fame if only for his battle with Jack Dempsey, the Manassa Mauler

By A. W. HELLIWELL

IN or out of the ring, I don't think Tom Gibbons ever made a single enemy. No finer sportsman or gentleman ever donned gloves than this big, quietly spoken, clean-fighting American heavy-weight.

The last I heard of him, he was proudly wearing the Sheriff's star in his home State of Minnesota, and from all I know of him, that's a job fitting him as perfectly as one of those immaculate suits he wore when he came to this country for a fight with our own Jack Bloomfield.

Tom's name rarely crops up when the giants of pugilism are discussed, and I doubt whether this would worry him overmuch, for he was never one to care twopence for fame or hero-worship—yet, for all that, he was one of the best heavy-weights of his or any other day.

He was a neat rather than a spectacular type of fighter, and although he learned his trade in the States, he never adopted the bustling, tearaway Yankee methods. He stood up with his back as straight as a gun barrel, and he used his left hand in a fashion that would have delighted old Jem Mace.

Perhaps Tom's greatest asset in the ring was his unassailable calm. Nothing ever shook it. The hardest blow or the bitterest taunt could never goad him into losing his temper, and not even on those occasions when he realised defeat was inevitable did his sangfroid desert him.

This characteristic, and his magnificent defence, were the aces in Tom's pack of fighting tricks. At the top of his form, Gibbons was one of the most baffling boxers in the world to stop. He could wrap himself in a defence that was as difficult to penetrate as a suit of armour, and he could do this so skilfully that when he was long past his thirtieth birthday he was able to stay the distance against such smashing hitters as Jack Dempsey and Georges Carpentier.

In fact, in the whole of his career Tom Gibbons only once took the long count, and Gene Tunney, soon to usurp Dempsey's crown as king of the "big fellows," was the fighter who performed this miracle.

His success is the more astonishing when you consider the late age at which he began fighting. He was twenty-four before he ever laced on a glove, or, for that matter, hit another man, but, tutored by his brother Mike, the famous "St. Paul Phantom," Tom was soon making a name for himself.

Gibbons lost the finest fight he ever fought, but he put up such a magnificent performance in the losing of it that it is still remembered as one of the greatest of heavy-weight contests of all time.

This was in his clash with Jack Dempsey. The Manassa Mauler was then world champion. You know his reputation — a savage, two-fisted "killer," whose terrific punching powers made him one of the most punishing scrappers in the world.

This was the man—in his prime and at the height of his form, mark you—whom Gibbons challenged at the age of thirty-four. Even his closest friends and warmest admirers said that he was crazy, and indeed it seemed madness for a veteran of thirty-four to pit himself against the champion.

Dempsey himself boasted that he would be back in his dressing-room inside half an hour, and the only man in the country who did not believe that he would fulfil this promise was Tom.

He remained quietly confident. No bombastic statements were issued from his camp, for Gibbons never talked big. The most he would claim was that he would give a good account of himself, and would not quit, although this much the whole sporting world took for granted, for his gameness was unquestioned, and they knew he would be in there slinging punches so long as his strength lasted.

The debatable point was how long he could withstand the paralysing battering from Dempsey's iron fists.

They met in Shelby, a little mining town on the fringe of the sun-baked Montana desert, and there were dramatic incidents even before the fighters entered the ring, when a tough mob of miners, gun-toting cowhands, gamblers, crooks and hobos, rushed the arena gates and stormed their way to the ringside.

Regardless of the shots the armed guards sent whining over their heads, they continued to pour through the broken gates until the stadium was packed. Not ten per cent. of the thousands who watched the fight paid for admission, as a result of which it went down in ring records as one of the most disastrous financial flops of all time.

Dempsey, solely through the astuteness of shrewd Jack Kearns, was the only one not to suffer. He got his three hundred thousand dollars in hard cash before he entered the ring, but poor Gibbons did not receive a red cent for one of the grandest displays of pluck and skill ever witnessed.

Shelby, instead of making a fortune out of the promotion, was almost bankrupt. Every man with any money to spare had backed the contest, and the effect was so disastrous that several of the township's little banks went broke and closed their doors!

YET the fight itself was thrilling enough to deserve a million-dollar gate.

The echo of the gong was still ringing over the sun-drenched arena and Gibbons had barely time to raise his hands before the champion was upon him, swinging his gloves in a bewildering maze of leather.

The Manassa Mauler was living up to his terrifying name. Wasting no time on fancy preliminaries, he cut loose with reckless and savage abandon, ripping those formidable short jolting blows for which he was so notorious to Tom's head and body.

It was plain that Dempsey was going all out to win as quickly and decisively as possible, but to everyone's amazement Gibbons, instead of wilting under his devastating rain of blows, boxed his way out of danger with unflurried coolness.

His calmness stopped Dempsey as short as a punch on the chin. He stepped back with features puckered in perplexity. It was plain that he had

Tom's greatest asset as a fighter was his unassailable calm. Nothing ever shook him. And now he wears a Sheriff's star his fighting traits still make him a baffling opponent

expected Gibbons to collapse before that first terrific assault, but not one of the murderous hooks, jolts and jabs he had slung in the challenger's direction had found its mark.

Skilfully Tom had caught them on his gloves, forearms and elbows, using his marvellous defence to take the sting out of the champion's blows.

ALL through the first round Gibbons never struck a blow, and then, as Dempsey tore into him at the beginning of the second session, he suddenly and unexpectedly let go a terrific right-hander.

It caught the champion too high to put him down, but it opened up an old scar over his left eye, and as he felt the blood trickling down his cheek, the Manassa Mauler went berserk.

Only Tom's courage kept him on his feet in the next few seconds. In a blind, red rage Dempsey swept him back to the ropes, pinning him there with terrible blows that threatened to stave in his ribs. With his face the colour of a sheet of paper and his lips compressed with agony, Gibbons did what he could to smother this savage attack.

But the champion was unstoppable.

When towards the end of the round he crashed a short, stunning right clean under Tom's heart, the fight looked as good as over.

How Gibbons lasted until the gong allowed him to totter to his corner is a mystery, but survive he did, not only through that round, but the remainder of the fifteen, countering Dempsey's ferocity with calm skill, matching his straight left against the champion's hooks and swings, fighting a losing battle all the time, but fighting it with a gallantry that brought even that hard-bitten audience on to their feet to cheer him.

Not for two seconds together did Dempsey stop punching, and in the last five rounds, when his legs began to tire and the muscles of his arms were numbed from the crushing effect of the blows he had caught upon them, Gibbons took a terrible hammering.

But, try as he did, Dempsey could not put him down, and when the final bell sounded, Tom was still erect and ready to fight on if need be.

Victory (and three hundred thousand dollars) went Dempsey's way—but all the honours of that amazing fight were surely due to his challenger, Tom Gibbons, that fighting gentleman!

HOW HE WON THAT MEDAL

Scrounged Gun to Hunt Tank

SECOND-LIEUTENANT RICHARD GAVIN ORR, of the Royal Artillery, could see that something important had happened from the speed with which his reconnaissance party returned.

"What's up?" he demanded of the nearly breathless corporal.

"We've just seen a tank," came the hurried answer. "We spotted it just as it was entering the north side of that wood. There seemed to be only one of them though there might be others hidden in the wood."

This was serious.

It would not be long before the tank-crew discovered the Lieutenant's small detachment and the small band of infantrymen on his right.

Someone had to explore that wood, find out the strength of the enemy.

As carefully as possible Orr edged to the belt of trees and crawled through.

He heard the mutter of subdued voices and discovered the tank, not many yards from him, hidden in a hastily constructed "hide-out."

There was only one.

* * *

But it would be absolutely impossible for him to fire on it with his solitary two-pounder gun.

The tank must be destroyed before the crew had time to discover his position and radio for assistance.

Crawling quietly out of the wood he then raced to the infantry and "scrounged" an anti-tank rifle with eight remaining rounds of ammunition.

Eight rounds!

He knew he could not afford to waste any shots.

Stealthily as an Indian he crawled back into the wood lugging the ponderous anti-tank rifle.

Inch by inch, pausing every few yards, and swearing to himself whenever a dry twig snapped beneath him, he made his way back to the "hide-out."

Suddenly a cough made him look left.

Partly hidden by bushes there was a sentry. A guard had been posted while he was "scrounging" the gun!

* * *

Another man might have tried to crawl away to find a spot from which he could cripple the tank without drawing the sentry's fire.

But Orr had come to get that tank, and he was in a position from which he could see it clearly.

That was enough.

Orr worked the anti-tank rifle into position and not bothering to use the sights poured eight shots into the tank.

It burst into flames at the third shot, then was soon burned out.

At the same time, bullets from the sentry's rifle started to whine past Orr's head. But he was moving fast.

To-day, Second Lieutenant Orr, of the Royal Artillery, is the proud possessor of the Military Cross awarded him for his heroic effort.

THE LAST LAUGH

N. Y. (Bath).—"Believe me, what I say goes." Then, for goodness' sake, don't say "Siren."

W. B. (Queenborough).—"Will Goering be dropped?" Only, we fancy, if all other types of heavy bombs fail.

Mrs. W. (Bradford).—"If that man Hitler had had a wife we should have had no war, believe me." But he would.

C. B. (Annan).—"Wealth, a great writer said, is to be regarded as a disease." Tell us how to catch it!

SCHOOLMASTER (London, S.W.).—"I always encourage my boys to share and share alike." You see that each one gets his fair whack?

Miss D. (Aldershot).—"I have been driving a famous general in his car for the last six months." Isn't it about time you got h . to his destination?

D. B. (Stevenage).—"I enclose a song of mine which, I claim, will help to win the war." After trying it over, we feel convinced that it might start another.

S. B. (London).—"I've never seen anything go up quite so quickly as the balloon barrage does round here." It's evident that you don't know anything about the rates in our district.

F. T. (London).—"The nights are getting very chilly now, and the Government will have to arrange to keep us warm in our shelters." Give them time. They've already arranged to keep things pretty hot above the clouds!

R. M. (Leeds).—"An Italian tenor appearing in a variety programme at a small American town was chased from the theatre by the audience." Was he accompanied by his friend at the piano?

L. H. (Silloth).—"It is a truism, I believe, that fat men are honest." That's because they can't run!

F. E. (Worksop).—"Size means nothing in garden produce." Our neighbour's marrows are bigger than ours, too.

S. N. (Truro).—"In my opinion, the speeches made by Hitler and Goering are just noise." You mean unjust noise, surely?

O. W. (Belper).—"A Scotsman friend of mine has a moth for a pet. Isn't that queer?" Well, a moth eats only holes, you know.

GRAMMARIAN (Cambridge).—"Any form of punctuation seems to be beyond attainment by most women." We know a full stop is.

TIM (London, W.).—"There's a change in my pal's sweetheart—she's not a gold-digger any longer." Perhaps she's heard about platinum?

G. Y. (Tadworth).—"I wonder what the Nazi authorities are telling Berliners about the British raids." Not to believe their eyes, we expect.

H. K. (Bristol).—"Is there anything apart from poison, traps and cats that will kill mice." Well, judging by recent reports a German bomber is often effective.

M. J. (Surrey).—"I sometimes see one or two people walking about the countryside during air raids. I often wonder who they are." Nazi pilots, probably.

T. L. (Ilchester).—"Doing a crossword puzzle, my young son wanted a three-letter word meaning what is drunk in the afternoon. What do you think he put?" Dad?

L. A. (Epping).—"One of the Home Guards reported that he saw a small, revolving light in the forest the other evening." So it seems quite possible that even a glow-worm will turn.

T. B. (Birmingham).—"I have moved into lodgings and find the table so rickety that I can do very little writing." This suits us!

A. G. (Basingstoke).—"When once this war is over and I get demobbed what you you think I am going to be?" A civilian?

E. B. (Ockenden). —"What would be the first thing German parachute troops would do if they landed in this country?" The last.

S. N. (Maidstone).—"Can a worm travel at any speed at all?" Yes, provided his wife does not load him up with too many parcels.

B. D. (Mountain Ash).—"I notice they often rope off the aisles at a wedding." Thus leaving absolutely no escape for the bridegroom.

F. Y. (Chard).—"We've been evacuated to a haunted house and it has driven me to drink." You evidently prefer your spirits bottled.

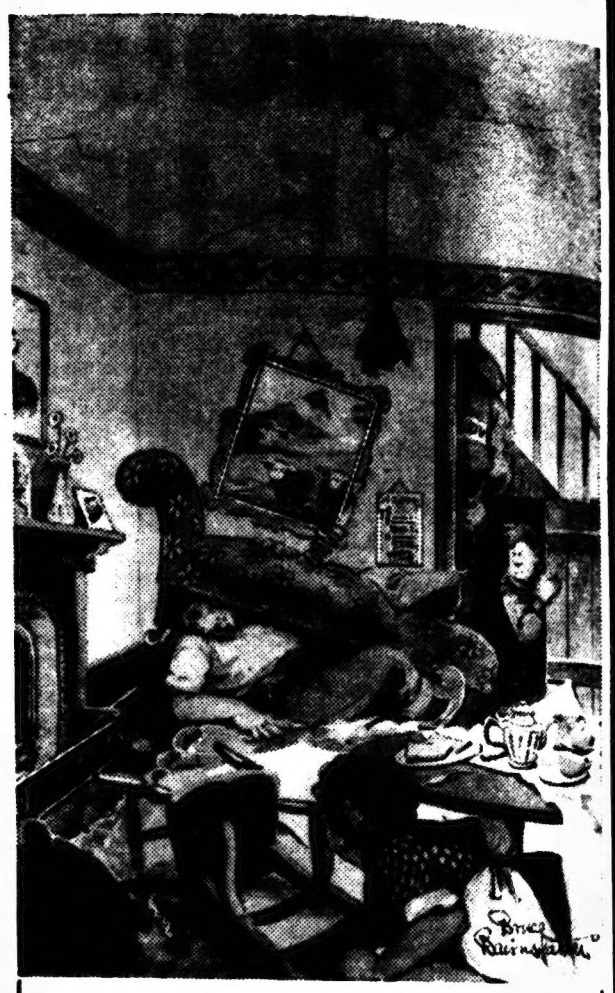
C. M. (Barmouth).—"I think you will agree that a friendly nod means a lot these days." Especially if the auctioneer mistakes it for a bid.

F. U. (Fleetwood).—"What is the easiest way to distinguish between a British and German plane?" The British plane is usually in one piece.

S. N. (Malvern).—"Do you realise that one large town in Germany has over thirty churches?" Well, we suppose Goering's airmen must have something to practise on.

G. T. (East Coast).—"I spend the night in a public shelter, and am very much worried by the snoring all around me. What is the best thing to do?" Go to sleep.

(Side-slips : See page 17)



OLD BILL : By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Have they gone yet?"

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PRACTICAL KNITTING ILLUSTRATED

Half Guinea WORK FOR 2/9 PLUS 1/- WHICH INCLUDES CARRIAGE, PACKING, INSURANCE, ETC.

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Here are just a few of the hundreds of garments this book shows you how to make in any style or size.
Pullovers and Twinsets
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Balaclava Helmet, Socks.
Berets and Caps.
Bootees, Frocks.
Mittens, Scarves, Cardigans.
Cot Covers, etc.
Fashion Jumpers, Bolero.
Lumber Jackets, Jerseys.
Belts, Underwear.
Babies Vests and Knickers.
Baby Garments
Rugs, Mats, Cushions.
Bedjackets, Shawls.
Etc., etc., etc.
POST FORM NOW

WONDERFUL ENTIRELY NEW WAR TIME KNITTING BOOK. Hundreds of Woollen Garments you can make yourself.

"JOHN BULL" readers! Here's the very book every woman will want now—something entirely new—never before published—"Practical Knitting Illustrated." A book that shows in hundreds of practical photographs and diagrams how to make hundreds of woollen garments for the children, the womenfolk, the menfolk at home and on active service—a book that will save you pounds.

As a reader of "John Bull" you are entitled to secure this work for an amazingly low privilege price. Supplies are limited. Unless you apply at once you simply won't get a copy. The demand will be tremendous. Applications will be dealt with in strict rotation! Send no money now. Post Order Label below to-day.

Here is a knitting book you can use year in, year out—a standard reference book with the biggest range of garments ever contained in one volume. This work shows you how to make any garment in any size and adapt it to any style. It gives you clear, simple instructions for hundreds of modern garments—even a beginner can't go wrong. There are patterns for every member of the family from new-born baby to the middle aged. There's a complete A.B.C. of the principles of knitting and there is a wonderful section which tells you how to vary any garment in stitch, size, shape, colour or yarn.

For this amazing volume, size 8½ in. by 5½ in., bound in Crash Canvas, beautifully embossed, you send, after you receive your invoice, **only 2s. 9d. plus 1s.** which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

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The illustrations in this book show what to make and how to make it.

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PRIZES GALORE for BULLETS and X-WORDS

OVER £125 CASH for BULLETS

£50 £20 £10

8 of 30/- 40 of 10/-

Value over £250

30/- X-WORD PENSION — OR LUMP SUM

£100 for LIFE

MUST BE WON THIS WEEK—GO IN AND WIN!

1,490 WINNERS THIS WEEK!

£125 First Prize—"Bullets" 1,238.

Mrs. G. KITCHEN, "St. Crispin," Walgrave, Northampton.

Example: FLYING MASONRY
Bullet: "CEMENTS" DOCKLAND TO PALACE.

Second Prize, £20: G. Tyrrell, 16, Amwell Street, Hoddesdon.
Englishman's Home—Hitler Won't "Do In."

Third Prize, £10: Mrs. M. Richards, The Mount, Donnington Wood, Shropshire.
Spying Out The Land—Poacher Beside Landowner, Now!

OTHER PRIZES:

100s.: P. E. Kilby, 73, Penydre, Rhiwbina, Cardiff.
In Blood—Behold London—World Beholden!

85s.: Mrs. S. Burston, Wright's Cottage, Dumgreen, Clay Hidon, Nr. Cullompton.
The People's War—Successful—No Warring Peoples.

80s.: S. Wallwork, 7, Kenilworth Grove, Audenshaw, M/R (P.C.).
Englishman's Influence—Covers Globe—"Sheds Light."

85s.: D. Watson, 12, New Road, Earby, Colne.
Flying High—Our Village—Buys Spitfire!

80s.: A. Thomas, 18, Glanffrwd Avenue, Ebbw Vale, Mon.
Keep At It And—"Guard Door" Without "Growling"!

75s.: H. Bell, 225, Railton Road, S.E.
Soothing Syrup—Sickened—Winston's "Punch" Restores.

70s.: Mrs. K. E. Cavill, 40, Lidderdale Road, Liverpool.
Englishman's Anger—Flaming—Bombed Hospitals, "Spark."

65s.: Mrs. A. Brockie, c/o Tor-na-dee, Milltimber, Aberdeenshire.
Flying Blind—Never Bombing Blindly, Stockholms.

60s.: L. Farnell, 16, Denton Road, Wokingham.
Englishman's Castle—Hitler Coveting? We've *Dungeons!*

3 Prizes of 40s.:
W. Ingham, 18, Summer Ville Road, Bradford.
Englishman's Weakness—Thinking Opponent Also Sportsman.
Mrs. J. S. Robson, 55, Glebe Road, Hinckley, Leics (P.C.).
For The Troops—Concert, *When* Slayer's Finished!
W. Williams, 47, Charles Street, Tonypandy, Glam (P.C.).
When Hitler's Smashed—Shock For Germany, "Hollowness."

Electric Torch accompanies all cash prizes of 10s. or over. List of 25 winners of 10s. and 200 Surprise Award winners can be seen at these offices. The letters "P.C." after a winner's name denote that successful effort was submitted on a Prize coupon.

RULES of these COMPETITIONS

'BULLETS' 1. First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Postal Order or Stamps stuck to separate form provided must be enclosed for entry-fee. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

X-WORDS—Work out Puzzle with guidance of Clues provided—fill up entry-form in ink, not pencil—post (with necessary entry-fee) to bear postmark of not later than Saturday, October 12.

Entry-fee at the rate of 3d. for each Puzzle Square completed must be submitted by Postal Order or stamps. If using Postal Order, make payable to Odhams Press Ltd., cross "/& Co./," and fill in its number on entry-form. If using STAMPS, write "Stamps" and their total value in P.O. space—such stamps to be affixed to Stamp Form provided below. No entrant may submit more than 16 Puzzle Squares or equivalent.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues form the standard of excellence by which all entries for this Crossword will be judged under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee—decisions will be based on answers of entrants.

Result and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, October 24; entries accepted only on the condition that the published result of the double adjudication establishing Winners and Runners-up is regarded as final, and no responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence can be entered into.

Should First or any other prize be shared, the lump sum will be divided between entrants eligible to share it; not more than one First or Runners-up Prize, plus one other award, allowed to any one entrant. Rule 3 for Bullets, appearing above, applies also to Crosswords.

800 WINNERS THIS WEEK!

Result and Winning Square—X-Word No. 220.

The following four competitors share £200, each receiving £50 for set of most meritorious Answers seen in square on right.

W. COLLINS, 18, Jamesmil Road, Oxhaus, Hants.
A. S. EVANS, 9, Baden Street, Battersea, S.W.11.
F. SEWER, 26, Farrar Road, Euston, Middlesex.
L. JONES, 13, Dee Road, Connahs Quay, Chester.

The £25 Runners-up Award has been divided between 95 entrants from whom we received entries with one less apt and accurate Answer than the best entries received. These winners will each receive 5s. 4d.

Surprise Awards will be sent to 701 entrants whose entries differed from the Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer.

F	I	F	E		S	T	R	A	D					
I	N		W	H	O		O	V	A					
R		F	E	A	R		S		R					
M	C			T		P	E	S	T					
			T	E	A	M		L						
F	A	M	E		X		B	A	R					
C	T		A	R	E	A		C	O					
U			S			S	E	R	A					
L	A	P		S	K	I	P		R					
	S	H		P		B	A	N						

WINNING WORDS. Across—1. Fife. 2. Strap. 6. Fear. 11. Fame. 12. Bar. 14. Ship. 15. Ship or Shop. 16. Ban. Down—1. Firm. 3. Rose. 4. Part. 5. Hate. 7. Chat or Coat. 8. Hook. 9. Toss. 10. Axe. 11. Foal. 13. Rear.

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those in square above. Blank spaces indicate that at these points SHIP or SHOP and CHAT or COAT were regarded as Answers of equal merit.

FREE PRIVILEGE If you submit Crossword Entry value 1s. or over you may enclose TWO "Bullets" FREE for current offer.

ACROSS CLUES

1. Skill and sharp wits are needed to follow clever criminal's
2. Film fan usually has her favourite one
5. We need strong ones to hold up against effects of bombing
8. One at kiddy's tea-party should be satisfying
11. Can be fast, but may run slowly
12. When people are upset for some reason, interfering busybodies do this
14. Crowd sometimes gets a thrill from the way one skims over
15. Cheap kind is perfectly suitable on most occasions
16. Gives a certain amount of protection against effects of shelling

DOWN CLUES

1. Heavy kind of this proves tiring to labourer who's unaccustomed to it
3. It's generally foolish to keep on working in this when you lack protection
4. One might well find this useful to help stick things
6. It's easy enough to run up this
7. Girls learning cookery will be almost certain to do this during practical classes
8. They're apt to be on the heavy side
9. You may well find this a hard place on which to lie down for a snooze
10. This comes to a sharp point at the top
13. Heavy rain can easily be the cause of this

PRIVILEGE FOR H.M. FORCES

Readers in H.M. Forces are now privileged to submit entries for Crosswords and Bullets at HALF-RATE entry-fee, provided coupons are personally completed and Service rank is indicated.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these EXAMPLES

BRITAIN'S LARDER
LIFE IN WAR-TIME
PARALYSING
LION v. EAGLE
SHOWS HE'S A BRICK
BOMBS MAY FALL, BUT
OUR COUNCIL THINKS
IN OUR SHELTER
FIRE OF CRITICISM
TO WEATHER THE STORM

OFFICE HERO
HE COULDN'T TAKE IT, SO
BUSINESS
WHEN WHITEHALL MOVES
THE BIG PROBLEM
SLEEP
IN PARADISE ALLEY
ALL DAD WANTS
IN DISTRESS
OVER OUR HEADS

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

Asking For .....
Deadly .....
Army Of .....
To Find .....
Sinking .....
The R.A.F.'s .....

ENTRY FEE:— Send crossed P.O. (completed as directed in Rules) or stamps stuck to Form provided, at rate of 6d. for each two paid *Bullets*.

20 BONUSES each value **£1** for entrant(s) whose sets of FOUR "Bullets" on one coupon show most all-round merit.

STAMPS may be used as ENTRY-FEE—Stick them to this form and enclose with "Bullets" or Crosswords.

Example .....
BULLET .....

Example .....
BULLET .....

Example .....
BULLET .....

Example .....
BULLET .....

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid *Bullets* on this coupon.

P.O. ..... No. .....

"BULLETS" No. 1242, Closing Postmark, SAT., OCT. 12.

FREE "BULLETS" You may enclose 2 FREE "Bullets" on plain paper if you enter fully completed 4-effort coupon above.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

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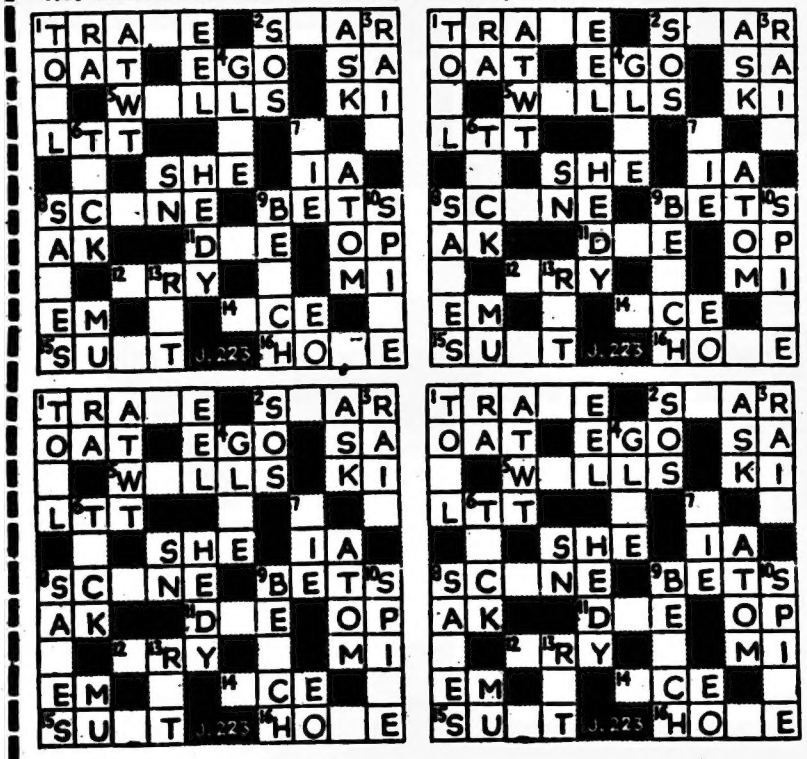
Remember to enclose your 'Bulletin' ADDRESS LABEL from foot of X-word coupon.

CUT ROUND BROKEN LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY Bullets No. 1242 X-Word No. 223 "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2

WHATEVER YOUR ENTRY SEND IN 4-SQUARE COUPON INTACT

J.B. CROSSWORD No. 223. Closing Postmark, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12.



I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose P.O. or Stamps, affixed to Stamp Form on left, for entry-fee as directed.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

P.O. value.... No. .....

GET YOUR 'GAZETTE' To secure your POST FREE copy of Crossword Gazette & "Bullets" Bulletin dated October 26, you must affix 1d. stamp on adjoining space and address LABEL fully to yourself.

APPLICANTS MUST AFFIX 1d. STAMP HERE FOR "GAZETTE."

ADDRESS LABEL

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

HER TEETH ARE "WHITE LIES"

The assistant calls her "the girl with the lovely smile!" But will this smile always be so charming? You see, her teeth are "white lies"—they're covered with unpleasant tartar behind!

Ordinary brushing can't remove tartar once it has taken hold, and gums loosened by tartar enable germs to breed and cause decay.

Only Solidox can loosen and remove tartar. Because only Solidox contains Ricinosulphate, the anti-tartar ingredient. Yet Solidox is so gentle that it can't harm the enamel. Remember, you cannot be really fit if your teeth are in poor condition.

The dentist's mirror tells the truth . . .

Tartar!

. . . the cause of dental trouble

Covered by British Patent No. 259942

SOL 28-783-55 JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED, LONDON, E.16

ILLNESS MUST NOT COME

Colds and Influenza, at all cost, must be stopped this Winter. What to wear.

This coming winter is going to try your health to its very marrow. Already your vitality is low from long hours, broken nights and nervous strain. Face up to facts now. You dare not be ill when your very life may depend upon leaving bed.

Can you stop yourself from getting colds and 'flu? Doctors say you *can* if you build up your resistance. Protective foods are good but not enough. You need more Iodine in your blood. Then, and only then, when germs attack, your body fights back—AND WINS.

Now, before the attack develops, is the time to put your body defences in order—NOW WHILE YOU ARE WELL. Don't wait. That's complacency. Start breathing Iodized air every minute of every day. A Simpson Iodine Diffuser Locket does this easily and effectively. You wear it round your neck, or in vest pocket. Body heat drives off Iodine that rises continually to your nostrils. Absorbed through your lungs, it enters your blood stream and builds sturdy resistance to infection. You become immune. 3,000,000 people have already proved the winter-long protection of the Simpson brand Locket. Not magic, but science; not faith, but fact.

Get a Simpson Locket today for all your dear ones. 1/9d. from chemists. If difficulty, post free on receipt of price from J. W. Simpson (Chemist) Ltd., (Dept. K4) Bartletts Passage, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4. Would you like a free tin of Iodine Ointment for your First Aid Kit? Just send postcard.

Menace of Epidemics Wind carries germs and striken Europe is today a breeding ground of infection. Influenza may be far more severe than in normal times.

CAN 'FLU GET YOU

In the air you breathe, and everything you touch and eat, live disease germs are present always. Yet, when you are well, you catch nothing. Why? Because of your bodily resistance. Your body fights and germs die as soon as they invade your fortress. Once let your resistance drop through worry, fatigue or chill, then the germs do not die. They live and multiply and you become ill.

The vital element that regulates your whole health and resistance is Iodine, Nature's great germ-killer. Most of us have too little in our blood stream and are thus easy prey to germs. You need tiny quantities every hour of every day. The best way is to inhale it—that is why breathing an air heavily charged with Iodine is so good for you. The Simpson brand Locket was designed to do just that—impregnate the air you breathe with Iodine.

For the Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart

Elasto

REGISTERED The Wonder Tablet

Take It—And Stop Limping!

LEG ACHES and pains soon vanish when 'Elasto' is taken. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad leg) become clean and healthy and quickly heal, inflammation and irritation are soothed, piles disappear, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*—it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by 'Elasto'—*the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Everybody is Asking—What is 'Elasto'?

THIS question is fully answered in an interesting booklet, which explains in simple language the 'Elasto' method of *curing through the blood.* Your copy is Free, together with a generous Free Sample, see offer below. Suffice it to say here that 'Elasto' is not a drug, but a vital cell-food. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, *without which there can be no true healing.* NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Read What Users of 'Elasto' Say—

"No signs of varicose veins now."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"Completely healed my varicose ulcers."
"Now free from piles."
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
"After being indoors for 18 months I can now walk quite well. My heart is stronger and all the pain has left my legs."
"Heart is quite sound again now."
"The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone and I can do a full day's work, keeping on my legs all day."
"'Elasto' has quite cured my eczema."
"My doctor marvelled at my quick recovery from phlebitis, etc."

Here's Good News! You can test 'Elasto' Free!

Simply fill in the coupon below for a Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining 'Elasto'—the new Biomedical Remedy. Write for these to-day—NOW while you think of it—and SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT A WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE 'ELASTO' MAKES! "*ELASTO*" *is sold by chemists everywhere.*

'ELASTO' (Dept. 15.B.), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

COUPON FOR FREE TRIAL SAMPLE OF 'ELASTO'

'ELASTO' (Dept. 15.B.), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. 1.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet, fully explaining how 'Elasto,' *The Great Blood Revitaliser, cures through the Blood.*

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ADDRESS .....

J.B. No. 51040

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER

Cash your Coupons

"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON

VALUE 3D

This Coupon with P.O. for 2/3 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles you to a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB, iridium tipped, fitted pocket clip. GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) will be accepted in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 2/3 plus 3d. postage and insurance.

DE LUXE unbreakable, 1/- EXTRA. State if fine, medium or broad nib.

Address—"JOHN BULL" PEN DEPARTMENT 134-135, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/3 and 3/-.

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F. 68 | J.B.L. 144 | ★ 131